

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

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No. 1,461.—Vol. LVII.

NEW YORK—FOR THE WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 22, 1883.

[PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$4.00 YEARLY. 12 WEEKS, \$1.00.]



CONNECTICUT.—FIRST ANNUAL ENCAMPMENT OF THE STATE NATIONAL GUARD AT NIAN TIC, SEPT. 10TH-15TH.
THE SKIRMISH DRILL, SEPT. 11TH.—FROM SKETCHES BY C. UPHAM.—SEE PAGE 69.

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65, 66 & 67 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 22, 1883.

AMERICA'S FOREIGN CRITICS.

A DELUGE of volumes, bearing on our social and political peculiarities, is promised from those distinguished visitors from Europe who are now making rapid journeys in all parts of the Union. This avalanche of foreign criticism, happily, whatever be its nature, will not, as in other days it would, profoundly stir our people. Time was when the severities of Marryatt, Harriet Martineau and Charles Dickens produced an almost national fury, but the Americans have now a grim appreciation of the European traveler who goes to Niagara, rides in a Pullman car, and stands in gaping wonder, endeavoring to solve the problem why the American savage diets so largely on ice-water. The fact is that there are three classes of tourists who write books on this country. They are those who write us up, those who write us down, and those who, as nearly as they can, tell the truth. Of the many volumes promised by our distinguished visitors now here, it is safe to say that the majority will be exceedingly pleasant to our national conceit, because their authors travel under very exceedingly economical auspices—that is, as the guests of the great corporations, without incurring a penny of necessary outlay. In words more strictly true than delicate, all of the rose-colored volumes bearing on America, written under such auspices, are simply paid for, and are commercial literature of a form that even the most celebrated writers have not disdained to promote. Washington Irving wrote "Astoria" for the Astors; Thackeray, a very thinly disguised puff of the Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company for a paltry consideration; while Edmund About wrote his Egyptian novel, "The Fellah," to the late Khédive's order, for a bonus of 50,000 francs. Miss Mithibach was more fortunate, and received 75,000 francs for her "Life of Mehmet Ali," while Tennyson, as all the world knows, must make royal couplets, whether he will or not, for a very trifling pension. And it has even been alleged that Mr. Froude, when he came to the United States to lecture in favor of the mild and gentle sway which he wanted his hearers to believe had always marked the rule of England over Ireland, was simply paid by the British Government.

If these facts show anything, it is that the highest luminaries of literature can be purchased to write books in a special interest, and this has probably been true from the time when books began to be manufactured. It is true, moreover, that there is scarcely a writer of adaptable gifts who has not been invited to use his pen in the very doubtful art of puffery. One of the foremost poets of America has always had his pen for sale—to write, for instance, verses for a wretched daub of a picture in order that the canvas and its replicas could obtain exorbitant, indeed fraudulent, prices because of the fame of his poetry and the purity of his reputation.

These reflections are, of course, brought out by the kind of puffery that may be expected from a class of literary men who are but human, and who have been treated with regal generosity by the promoters of the Western enterprises now so conspicuously before the public. But the deluded reader who believes that he sees all of this kind of hospitality on the surface and in great public events, is mistaken. Great land sales are floated in Europe by the pens of reputable writers dwelling in the several countries, employed directly or indirectly by shrewd speculators here; and there is no sort of international investment in which the originators are not laboring to secure the stamp of an established name. It may be presumed, then, that "the guests" will write America up—socially, and in all other respects, with amazing enthusiasm.

But the pessimist class—those tourists who have nothing to do here but spend money—those who write the country down—generally get disgusted at that confessedly diabolical institution, the New York Custom House, and never again recover! Their books are, of course, only like a bad play; they amuse on account of their superlative badness, their exquisite and insular ignorance. But beyond both of the species enumerated, there is the third, and this one is worthy of our respect. What better book has ever been written by a foreigner on America—its civilization, its possibilities, its political structure—than that of "De Tocqueville's Democracy in America"? Read to-day its bold prophetic sweep, in which, with master-hand, is portrayed the advances made by exploration, manufacture, and increase of population and emigration, and it will be noted that time has confirmed the thoughtful, philosophical conclusions which were ripened in the mind of the author only after a careful survey of

his theme. Taine has written careful and thoughtful works on England and Italy, but they are by no means of the class of that written by De Tocqueville—being ornate, brilliant in sketchiness, and thoroughly Gallic in epigram and philosophy. Books written about any country by strangers to that soil are seldom worthy of perpetuity.

Yet there is an opportunity now for those visiting the United States, embracing as these gentlemen do many famous in several walks of literature and science, to do a really thoughtful volume. Such a work, however, must be as far removed from puffery, induced by lavish hospitality, as it is from crabbed censure founded on ignorant prejudice.

The question then arises, Who from the states of Europe will, from an independent standpoint, teach the American people a useful lesson at this period in the destiny of the Union?

OUR CEREAL HARVESTS.

DOUTLESS the corn crop has been reduced by the late severe frosts, but that the damage done has been grossly exaggerated by speculators there seems little reason to doubt. The severest frosts were in sections where the smallest quantity is raised. Before the frosts the crop was estimated at as high as 2,000,000,000 bushels, though more conservative authorities placed it at 1,800,000,000 bushels. In either case the figures indicated a larger crop than had ever before been raised in this country. The largest crop actually marketed was that of 1879, reaching 1,754,800,000 bushels; last year the yield was 1,624,917,000 bushels. Before the late frosts it was estimated that at least 1,500,000,000 bushels had been secured beyond a doubt, while an addition of from 300,000,000 to 500,000,000 bushels might be harvested should the weather prove favorable. Where the corn was particularly late it has undoubtedly been damaged, but the injury has been greatest in the northern extremity of the great corn belt. For instance, our greatest corn-raising State is Illinois, which last year produced about 182,300,000 bushels, but it is only in the northern part of that State that any very severe damage is reported. Iowa, which last year raised 175,500,000 bushels, has suffered in the northern and southeastern sections, while in the southern and western districts no material injury is reported. The crop in Kansas and Missouri, two of the largest producers of corn—last year raising together approximately 314,500,000 bushels—have escaped thus far with little or no injury. As for the damage in such States as Wisconsin, Michigan and Minnesota, its importance may be gathered from the fact that the total area devoted to corn in these three States is approximately only 2,456,000 acres, against over 9,000,000 acres in the single State of Illinois, and 65,659,000 acres in the entire country. In brief, it is contended that the only damage of importance to the country at large has been done above the latitude of 42 degrees, whereas most of the corn is raised further south. Mr. Dodge, of the Agricultural Department at Washington, expresses the opinion that the yield will not fall much below that of last year. In that case the crop might still be 430,000,000 bushels larger than that of 1881.

The wheat crop, it is estimated, will fall 86,000,000 bushels below that of last year, which was 502,836,700 bushels. But, even in this event, a crop of 416,836,000 bushels is a material improvement on that of 1881, which was only 380,280,000 bushels. In short, all our cereal crops are really enormous. A loss of 100,000,000 bushels of wheat, or of 200,000,000 or 300,000,000 bushels of corn, while it bears heavily on individuals, has far less significance as regards the country at large than might at first be supposed. Our wheat crop last year was worth \$445,602,000, the corn crop \$783,867,000, and even the yield of oats, \$182,978,000. We then had 121,221,430 acres devoted to these three crops, and we may fairly conclude that the increased acreage planted this year will go far towards making good any damage that these cereals have thus far sustained.

PARTIES IN VIRGINIA.

IN November, Virginia will elect a new Legislature, and the canvass now in progress is the most exciting known in the history of the State, owing mainly to the interjection of the negro vote. The negro votes number 128,000, the white 206,000, and the latter are strenuously opposed to a continuance of the present rule of the negro minority coalesced with a fraction of the white majority. This is the point of contention, which is naturally all the more bitter and intense because social as well as governmental well-being is involved in it.

The Readjuster Party has never secured more than one-fourth of the white vote, but by skillfully uniting it with the solid black phalanx, its leader, Mahone, advanced it to power and has kept it enthroned ever since. To-day he holds in his hands the

government of the State, the majority of the State's delegation in Congress, having, as it were, the balance of power in the United States Senate through his own vote and that of his ally (Riddleberger); and so, on the whole, in current politics he is a much "bigger man than old Grant"! With the prestige of having won all the elections in Virginia for four years, or since 1879, with a powerful moneyed backing, and, above all, with his own brains and will-power, he challenges the Democracy to another contest. If he were to die to-morrow his party would go to pieces, for he is emphatically its soul; if defeated at the polls, he will not long remain prostrate, as the opportunity for a second party in Virginia is of too permanent a nature not to remain at his disposal, or in the grasp of any other like bold, ambitious man.

The persevering Democrats, on their side, aroused and chastened by their blunders and defeats, have lately, through the convention held at Lynchburg, reorganized their forces and again confront the legions of the Readjuster Boss. The Democrats are proverbially men of words, while their foe is entirely a man of action; yet the spirit animating them to-day has assumed a more positive shape. Their electoral machinery, captained by Congressman Barbour, has become somewhat modernized, owing to the fact that Mr. Barbour is himself a practical man, and thus they appear to have now the inside track. Mahone, however, is relying upon another Democratic blunder of some kind, and, as he is fertile and unscrupulous, and has an abundance of money in his treasury, his followers are enthusiastically holding by his luck and his "barr'l." To offset his money, the Democrats find a powerful adjunct to their cause in the white man's distaste for negro rule and its social equalization of the two races, based on the legalization of mixed marriages and schools, which is already the first enactment proposed for the new Legislature by Mahone's constituency.

For the present the two parties stand decorated in the style of Don Carlos and Don Alphonse after one of their great battles "in Spain." Sitting lately for his portrait before Bonnat, the portrait painter, at Paris, Don Carlos specially requested him not to omit one particular order on his coat-lapel, esteeming it over all the others because it was very rare and only given after gaining a great victory. "And on what occasion did your Highness gain this order?" asked the painter. "I decreed it to myself on the eve of a battle with my cousin Don Alphonse," he replied; adding, with a smile: "Don Alphonse decreed it to himself the same evening."

A MISMANAGED OFFICE.

THE report of the committee which has been investigating the management of the Supervising Architect's office develops an extraordinary state of things. This official exercises control over the erection of all new public buildings authorized by Congress, and Mr. Hill, the present incumbent, has disbursed over \$23,000,000. Yet it appears that the office came into existence without any action of Congress, and that the Supervising Architect is really responsible to nobody. He practically possesses discretionary power over the expenditure of the vast sum yearly committed to his hands, and the accounting officers are compelled to accept his certificate, both as to the necessity of the work done and the amount to be paid for it. The natural result is that Mr. Hill has run the office exactly as he pleased, has awarded contracts without allowing competition, has given fat jobs to personal favorites, and, generally, has conducted himself as might have been expected of a man left to his own devices. Such an official ought not, of course, to be retained, but the great change needed is one of methods rather than of men. The committee recommend that a Board of Public Buildings be created, which shall be required to pass upon all plans and specifications, award all contracts, approve all expenditures, and in general exercise all administrative powers necessary to the construction and repair of public buildings, leaving to the Supervising Architect only the duties which properly belong to his office, and Congress should see that such a reform is promptly inaugurated.

THE CLOUD IN THE EAST.

NEARLY every day's dispatches contain some mention of the troubles of Croatia; side by side with general acts of turbulence and defiance of governmental authority we read of Jew-baiting and plundering. The events are synchronous; do they spring from the same cause? To understand this, we must first glance briefly at the peculiar circumstances of the country which is the scene of these incidents. The iron crown of Hungary, united with the Empire of Austria, somewhat resembles one of those feats in the ring which consists in riding two or more horses at once. The artist straddles from back to back. So long as he can keep the horses reasonably together he keeps his position, but if one gets

away down comes the rider. The great difficulty of the Hungarian Government is that its limitations are geographical, not racial. Between the Magyar and the Slav there is, if possible, a more bitter hatred than between the Celt and the Saxon. They speak different languages, practice different customs, and believe different faiths. They have, in fact, no element in common, and yet the result of former European wars has bound these people under one common crown. Where two ride together, one must ride behind. The back seat is occupied by the Slavs. The Magyars are the governing caste, though the Slavs are the more numerous. The last census of this multiple kingdom gives a total of 37,786,000, of which 15,642,000 belong to the kingdom of Hungary and 22,144,000 to Austria. Out of this total 19,000,000 are Slavs and 8,000,000 Magyars. The rivalry between these two races has been a constant source of weakness to the Austrian Empire. M. Tisza, the Hungarian Minister, is pledged to restore the emblems of Hungarian rule, but at this moment the Emperor seems disinclined to favor a Magyar policy.

The course heretofore adopted by the Hungarian Government has been to keep the Croats as backward as possible. It has discouraged Slav schools, and put obstacles in the way of improving the roads. Hence the people, uneducated and half civilized, have rebelled against their rulers. The official notices in the Magyar tongue have been torn down, and Croatia, like Ireland, demands home rule.

So far the causes are easily traced and followed to their results, but how comes it that, side by side with this popular movement, we find a strong anti-Semitic outbreak? What have the Jews to do with Hungarian rule? The answer is this: The old feudal system was swept away regardless of the fact that the serfs were but grown children at best, and had never learned self-protection. Freed from feudal services and dues, they fell an easy prey to the local money-lender, so that the peasant of to-day finds that he has exchanged the paternal authority of his late lord for the perpetual grinding of the village pawnbroker. Nor is this the plight of the peasant only. His late master, the landowner, has also mortgaged his estate to some Vienna banker or loan company. Both find themselves ground down by the weight of debt, and longing for any change which shall ameliorate their condition. Now, the money-lending business in Croatia is chiefly in the hands of the Jews and Armenians. As between the Hebrew and his Christian rival there is little to choose, but the hatred of race in the case of the Jew is added to the sense of oppression, and the result has been a movement to drive the hated Hebrew out of Croatia. Contemporaneously with the conflict of Government and people, we have the sympathy of Slav with Slav, of the Russian with the Croatian.

The group of complications which is broadly spoken of as the Eastern Question underlies the difficulties of Hungary in Croatia. Ever since the grasp of the Turk was relaxed on his European possessions the question has been to which ruler the several states and countries should be assigned. The misfortune has been that in many instances diplomatic arrangements have overridden racial sympathies. So long as the national atoms are kept apart the danger of war will always be imminent. The royal family gatherings in Denmark and Germany, the new German alliance, and the proposed meeting of the Czar and the Emperor, recall the celebrated *mot* of a great Russian statesman, "that so long as kings and emperors could be kept apart, peace was possible, but as soon as they met and began kissing, war was certain."

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

A BRIEF lull in the conflict between France and China over the Tonquin question, while efforts were making to solve the difficulty amicably, has been followed by another battle. Both nations shrink from war, now that they find themselves on its very brink, and neutral Powers, alarmed by the damage threatened to commerce in such an event, are making their influence felt in favor of peace. The real difficulty in the negotiations is to reach any conclusion which will recognize China's suzerainty over Annam, and at the same time give France some compensation for her aggression. It appeared, however, as though a settlement was likely to be reached, when the outlook is again rendered more serious by news of further fighting. It seems that at the beginning of the month the French resumed the offensive in Tonquin, and, after three days' fighting, defeated the Black Flags and captured two towns, besides inflicting heavy loss upon the enemy, who are reported to have had 500 men killed or wounded. This affair has caused the Chinese press to adopt a belligerent tone, and makes the prospect of an adjustment less promising. Meanwhile foreign residents in China are in a state of great alarm, the always strong latent prejudice against them among the natives having been fanned into flame by the news of reverses to the French arms. There has already been a riot at Canton, growing out of a quarrel between a Portuguese and a Chinaman, in which the latter was killed, and a furious mob made an

attack on the European quarter, in which many houses were sacked or burned, but, happily, no lives were lost. The arrival of British gunboats has removed danger of further trouble there, but the hostility aroused among the natives threatens the safety of Europeans in every part of the country.

The perennial "Eastern Question" has been recalled to English attention by rumors of aggressive operations on the part of Russia in Bulgaria. Agents of the Czar are reported to have been acting in a thoroughly revolutionary manner, and it is charged that Russia is seeking to oust Prince Alexander, and place one of its own tools on the throne. It has even been said that Austria and Germany have made remonstrances at St. Petersburg concerning the action of Russian agents in Bulgaria. Bismarck's newspaper organ at Berlin denies this rumor, and declares that no complaint is heard from any quarter, even from the Porte. The alleged irritation, it says, is purely imaginary, and due to the stories of sensation-mongers. Roumania has just concluded an alliance with Germany, and is expected to enter into similar relations with Austria. The hearty reception extended to King Alfonso of Spain at Vienna has started a rumor of an alliance between Spain and Austria, while the visit of the Crown Prince of Portugal at Berlin is considered an indication of another adhesion to the Austro-German alliance. Serbia is also ready to give in her adhesion to such an alliance. The recent accessions to the Austro-German alliance have led to a report that Germany will shortly issue a proposal for a general congress of all the European Powers, with a view of determining upon a general disarmament. It is said that the Governments of Austria, Spain and Italy have already signified their willingness to participate in such a congress.

The anti-Magyar agitation in Croatia grows more serious every week. The replacing of the Hungarian escutcheon on the Government offices at Agram led to fresh riots, and the Mayor issued a proclamation forbidding the assembling of groups of persons for any purpose, and prohibiting people from walking abroad after dark. Herr Tisza, the Hungarian Prime Minister, summoned the principal notables to Agram, including the former Ban, to consult upon the situation, and to devise means for the suppression of the disorder, but the meeting was a very stormy one. At the same time the peasants have broken out in revolt against the landowners, and the military had to be called out, and killed fifteen of the rioters at one place before quiet was restored. The disturbances in the interior grow more frequent, and the conflicts with the troops are assuming the most serious character.

The bi-centennial of the liberation of Vienna by John Sobieski, King of Poland, in 1683, was celebrated at Vienna last week by the unrolling of a memorial tablet in honor of the event, and by other ceremonies. The Russian Government prohibited any demonstration in Poland, and celebrations in Prussian Poland were originally forbidden, although the restriction was afterward modified. At Cracow and Lemberg, Sept. 12th, the anniversary of the final victory over the Turkish invaders was celebrated with enthusiasm, and the streets of both cities were thronged with visitors from all parts of Poland. Another great celebration last week was that of the quarto-centenary of Martin Luther's birth, which occurred at Wittenberg on Sept. 13th. Visitors came from all over the country, as well as from foreign lands, and the Crown Prince took part in the ceremony, placing a splendid laurel wreath upon the Reformer's grave.

The Irish National League has arranged for a vigorous campaign. A great demonstration was held at Waterford last week, which passed resolutions demanding a Parliament for Ireland, not only in name but in reality, and declaring that Ireland must have that which England, by the necessity of the time, granted to Canada, because Canada was rebellious.

The newspaper organ of the Legitimists in Paris has ceased publication. It salutes the Count of Paris as the head of the house of France, and hopes that he will restore to Christians the traditional monarchy. The cessation implies that the Legitimists will not support the Count of Paris unless he claims the throne on the most absolute clerical principles, which is known to be impossible.—An International Literary Conference, which represents the principal countries of Europe, met at Bern last week, and adopted a copyright convention to be submitted to the International Congress, which will convene at Amsterdam on the 25th inst.—More anti-Jewish riots have occurred in Agram, and the military had to be called out to restore quiet.

THE rage for office-holding is by no means confined to this glorious country. The position of public hangman in Great Britain would scarcely seem the most desirable place in the world, yet Marwood had not been dead a week before there were five hundred applicants for the vacancy. Office-hunger appears to be an appetite common to all the race, and it is everywhere characterized by the same indifference as to the sort of nourishment it feeds upon, so that it is somehow satisfied.

EX-SPEAKER RANDALL has established a fresh claim to the admiration of his friends by going into the jury-box in a Philadelphia court, and doing his duty like any other citizen. His appearance, in response to a summons to serve as a petit juror, appears to have created a genuine sensation in the court, and when he persisted in serving, after several other members of the panel had, upon one pretext or another, escaped the duty to which they were called, a profound amazement seems to have seized upon everybody from the crier to the justice. Mr. Randall certainly deserves the

thanks of the public for setting so good an example to those "citizens of the better class," so called, who habitually resort to all sorts of shifts to evade the performance of one of the most important duties of citizenship, and in doing so leave our courts at the mercy of "professional jurors," or of those who are deficient both in intelligence and integrity.

KENTUCKY is meeting with success in her efforts to attract foreign immigrants to her fertile soil. The geological and immigration bureau of that State has, within a few years, planted six Swiss and Austrian colonies in the eastern section, not one of which has proved unsuccessful, and a new German colony is just being established. The venture was opposed by the old fogey class, but the advantages of such accessions to the population and industry of the commonwealth are already too plain to be disregarded.

THE rapid growth of the country in that most healthy of all directions, the increase of farms, is strikingly illustrated by the report of the General Land Office. The number of homesteads entered upon during the last fiscal year, chiefly in the Far West, foots up no less than 55,520, which is the highest figure reached since the law went into operation, and exceeds the entries during 1882 by more than ten thousand. No government ever offered its people such facilities for acquiring homes as that of the United States, and this liberal land policy has abundantly vindicated the wisdom of its authors.

It costs the Federal Government a little over three per cent. to collect its taxes. Nearly two-thirds of the total—\$216,780,869 out of about \$360,000,000 in the last fiscal year—comes from customs duties, and the cost of collection was \$6,422,127, or a trifle less than three per cent. There are great divergencies in the expense at different places; the cost of collecting one dollar at New York being only a cent and eight mills, while at St. Augustine, Fla., it rises to \$16.81, and at Atlanta, Ga., to \$50.84. The internal revenue is gathered at a slightly larger cost, the average rate being not quite $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent.

FOR many weeks the two branches of the Pennsylvania Legislature, one controlled by the Republicans and the other by the Democrats, have been in a deadlock over the question of reappointing the State. Meanwhile each member has been drawing ten dollars a day, so that the daily expense to the Legislature has been no less than three thousand dollars, and taxpayers have naturally grumbled. At last both branches have agreed to serve hereafter without pay, and the public is curious to see how long the legislators will keep up the farce at their own expense.

JOHN BRIGHT has given a deserved rebuke to the intemperate friends of temperance, who will hear to nothing but an impracticable scheme of prohibition, by a recent address on the question in England. Although himself a total abstainer, and a stout foe of drunkenness, he recognizes the impossibility of suppressing the liquor traffic by Act of Parliament, and urges instead the wisdom of perfecting plans for regulating and restricting the evil. He believes in a system of taxing liquor-dealers very much like that which has recently been introduced in Ohio under the Scott Law, and it is encouraging to find public sentiment growing in favor of a practicable means of diminishing the evils of intemperance.

THE postal savings bank system in Great Britain grows more successful with every year. During the past year 788,858 accounts were opened and 537,494 closed, leaving 2,858,976 accounts open at the end of the year, as against 2,607,612 in the previous year. The deposits were 6,000,000 in number, and £12,000,000 in amount, which exceeds by £2,000,000 the withdrawals. It is encouraging to find that the business in Ireland showed a large increase, the number of deposits during the year having been 278,727, amounting to £752,673, as against 251,146, amounting to £662,170 in 1881. The now assured success of this experiment in Great Britain will naturally strengthen the movement for the establishment of a similar system in this country.

HAZING will scarcely continue to thrive at West Point and Annapolis after the severe punishment recently inflicted at each place upon cowardly youngsters guilty of this abuse. It is only a few weeks since a cadet of the Military Academy, who had made an excellent record as a student, was dismissed in disgrace because he had been the leader in an assault upon one of the newcomers, and now four cadets in the Naval Academy have met a similar fate for similar maltreatment of their fellows. The punishment is severe, but it is none too much so. There is no more contemptible offense of which students can be guilty, and the only hope of suppressing it is to punish it in the one way which will convince the boys that the authorities "mean business."

ANOTHER Arctic disaster has been added to the already long list of polar catastrophes. The steamer *Proteus*, which left St. John on June 29th to succor the Greely relief party in the far North, had only reached the entrance to Smith's Sound, less than a month later, when she was crushed in the ice and lost, with all her supplies. All on board escaped, and after a journey of a thousand miles in open boats reached safety. The Greely party, which consists of twenty-two men, sailed for Franklin Bay in the Summer of 1881, and nothing has been heard from them since the fol-

lowing September. An attempt was made to reach them last year, but the relief vessel could not penetrate the ice to their retreat, and accordingly left its stores at a point previously decided upon with Lieutenant Greely in case of such a contingency. The second attempt has now utterly failed, and great anxiety must be felt for the safety of the little band, from whom nothing has been heard for so long a time. It is supposed that they have already started on their return, and as provisions have been buried at several points on the line of retreat, there is hope that they may escape. But in either event the whole history of the expedition will only constitute another argument against the folly of Arctic exploration. Of course, common humanity demands that every effort shall be made for the rescue of the Greely party and all others which are now in the frozen sea, but when they have been restored to the civilized world, there ought to be a general agreement not to send any more brave men to meet the sad fate which has befallen so many, from Sir John Franklin down.

THAT inspection does not inspect is conclusively proved by the evidence taken regarding the recent explosion of the steamboat *Riverdale* in the Hudson River. The official who examined the boiler in June, and granted the certificate under which the boat was allowed to run, admitted that he did not look inside of it at all, but took the engineer's word that it was all right! The coroner's jury has very properly held this remiss inspector and the engineer, whose carelessness was equally culpable, morally responsible for the loss of the six lives that were sacrificed; and there ought to be some way of punishing such gross negligence. The jury also found that the system of inspection prescribed by the United States laws is inadequate to the due protection of life, and there should be no delay about an overhauling and reform of the present loose methods.

WHILE there has been a good deal of clap-trap and humbug about Butler's spectacular performances as Governor of Massachusetts, he has certainly done the old Bay State some service by the shaking-up he has administered. One of his most important acts has been the reorganization of the insurance department, which had long been in the hands of an easy-going official, who cared much more for keeping up pleasant relations with the managers of doubtful companies than for guarding the pockets of the people. A report by his successor shows that the State law requiring periodical examinations of all companies has been for years entirely disregarded, and that the whole management of the office has been almost as much in the interest of the companies as though the Commissioner were employed by them, instead of by the State. It was high time for a change, but probably nothing short of Butler's election would have brought it about.

ONE of the most beneficent charities of the metropolis is that conducted by the Children's Aid Society of New York city. This organization has been in existence thirty years, during which period it has rescued 60,000 poor children from city vice and vagrancy, and established them in country homes in the West and South. The great majority of these children have grown up to be useful men and women, while not a few have become the leaders in their communities in all good works. The Society maintains a careful oversight of its wards during the first years of their residence in their new homes, and very few of them turn out badly. The most surprising feature of this charity is the small cost of its administration. During the past year 3,957 New York boys and girls were thus placed in good homes at an expense of \$35,540 for all salaries, railroad fares, clothing and other expenses, which makes the average cost for each child only \$8.97. No benevolent organization is doing a better work than this of the Children's Aid Society, and it deserves the hearty support of all intelligent givers.

MR. HUGH J. HASTINGS, who died suddenly last week, was conspicuous as a journalist, for his straightforward manliness and directness in discussion and his stubborn loyalty to his friendships and his convictions. His convictions were not always those of the majority, but that made no sort of difference with him; he maintained them and fought for them against all odds, never dreaming of compromise or capitulation. So, in his devotion to his friends; while he might rebuke and criticize their mistakes, his loyalty to the man never, under any circumstances, faltered. In controversy he was a hard, sometimes a rough, hitter; but there was always a bluff heartiness in the way he delivered his blows which made it impossible for his opponent to become resentful. Socially, Mr. Hastings was one of the most charming of men, and in his intercourse with the world at large he was always genial, courtly and kindly-natured. In a crowded car, he was always the first to provide a seat for the old, or the plain and humble woman, or the mother or nurse with a child in her arms, and he was never happier than when chatting with children or sharing their pleasures. The writer of these lines has witnessed no pleasanter picture, in the Summer gone, than this bold, belligerent journalist—the friend of statesmen and presidents, the sturdiest of fighters where fighting was to be done—moving amid a fashionable throng, holding his little grandson by the hand, and becoming himself a child again that he might participate in his sports. In the death of Hugh Hastings journalism has lost one of its most successful representatives, the party to which he belonged an able champion, and the city and State as loyal a son as ever gave to either the loftiest service.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

FOUR naval cadets at the Annapolis Academy have been dismissed the service for badging.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR visited this city last week, to attend the funeral of the late Hugh J. Hastings.

THE efforts of the Democratic sympathizers of this city to establish "harmony" in the party have so far proved unsuccessful.

THE troubles of the Ohio Democracy seem to be increasing, and apparently nothing but a miracle can now save their State ticket.

THE New Jersey Democracy have nominated Mr. Leon Abbott, a prominent lawyer and politician, as their candidate for Governor.

MR. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, Jr., has published a letter announcing that he cannot accept the Republican nomination for Governor.

THE New York Board of Railroad Commissioners has adopted an order requiring all railroad corporations to make sworn quarterly reports.

THE extra session of the Pennsylvania Legislature up to the 10th instant, when the pay stopped, had cost \$750,000. The work for which the session was convened is still to be accomplished.

WENDELL PHILLIPS advocates the re-election of Governor Butler, of Massachusetts, and denounces the Republican Party in that State as unfaithful to its obligations.

THE nineteenth biennial session of the American Pomological Society was held in Philadelphia last week, with about 200 delegates present from all parts of the country.

THE New Hampshire Legislature adjourned on the 15th instant, after the longest session ever held. Nearly 375 Bills and joint resolutions were passed during the session.

LORD LORNE, in a farewell address at Toronto last week announced high admiration for Canada, and prophesied for her a proud position among the great nations of the world.

THE Milk Producers' Association at Middletown, N. Y., has declared war against the New York city dealers and the creamery men who refuse to pay the association's prices.

THE Commissioners appointed by the President to investigate certain charges made in Congress last year of violations of the Hawaiian treaty report that all these charges are unfounded.

THE Hoosac Tunnel has begun to pay expenses, and the prediction is entered that on the completion of the double track the great bore will net the State of Massachusetts \$2,000 per month.

As the result of a consultation with the Civil Service Commissioners of the State of New York, Mayor Edson has avowed his determination to apply the system of reform to the municipal service as far as he can.

CAPTAIN DAVID S. PAYNE, with three officers of the Oklahoma Company, an organization for the purpose of locating and entering lands in the Indian Territory, has been again arrested for violating the Federal laws. Payne and his colonists have three times been expelled from the Territory by order of the President.

THE Republican caucuses in Boston, last week, were unusually well attended by merchants and business men who seldom come out to the primaries, except during a national canvass. The presence of such men at the caucuses indicates something of the intensity of the present opposition to Butler and his aspirations for a re-election.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR has decided to appoint a commission to examine all conditions of hog-raising, to settle the rumors of disease among American swine. The President will choose one man, the Chicago Board of Trade one, and the Agricultural Department two. Professor G. F. Chandler has been named by the New York Chamber of Commerce.

NEW MEXICO shows many signs of prosperity. The taxable property of the territory in 1883 amounted to \$27,137,993, against \$14,088,554 in 1881. The taxable value of the railroads is fully \$15,000,000. It is believed that if proper care had been exercised in making up the returns the taxable property would have been reported at \$50,000,000 instead of \$27,000,000.

JOHN ROACH testified before the Senate Committee on Labor, the other day, that materials for ships are as cheap here as in England, but labor is better rewarded on this side of the Atlantic. Ship building is the most profitable industry of England to-day, and her merchant fleet last year earned \$400,000,000. He thought the labor question could be solved by the Government transporting emigrants to the West and giving them land.

A CYCLONE which developed in the West Indies came up along the Atlantic coast last week, and caused a violent storm as far north as New York. The Signal Service, however, gave ample warning of its coming, and outgoing vessels waited until it had passed by. A number of the vessels were caught in the storm at sea, and several were seriously damaged off the Carol na Coast, while one steamship was driven ashore on Long Island, but no lives were lost.

AMONG the persons who appeared last week before the Senate Sub-committee on Labor and Education was J. A. Emerson, a colored man, once a resident of Arkansas, but now living here, who advocated the adoption of a system of postal savings banks in this country similar to those in England. They would be beneficial to the country and a boon to the colored people of the South by affording a means of laying up their small earnings. One of the greatest evils, he said, which now threaten these people is the "store system."

Foreign.

THE basis of negotiations between the Vatican and Prussia has been agreed upon.

MR. PARNELL has paid off a mortgage on his estate amounting to £13,000 from the proceeds of the Parnell testimonial fund.

THE Haytian rebels still hold their own, but are seriously menaced by the Government troops at several points. The Government has purchased a vessel in the United States for war purposes.

O'DONNELL, the murderer of James Carey, the Irish informer, arrived at Madrid last week, on his way to Europe for trial. He still maintains that he fired only in self-defense, and does not expect to be hanged.

THE Congress of Commerce and Industry began its annual session at Amsterdam last week. A resolution was adopted declaring that the principal cause of the depreciation of silver results from the decrease of its coinage in Europe. The resolution also expresses a wish for the adoption of a common double standard throughout Europe and America.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 71.



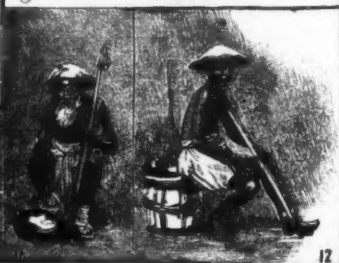
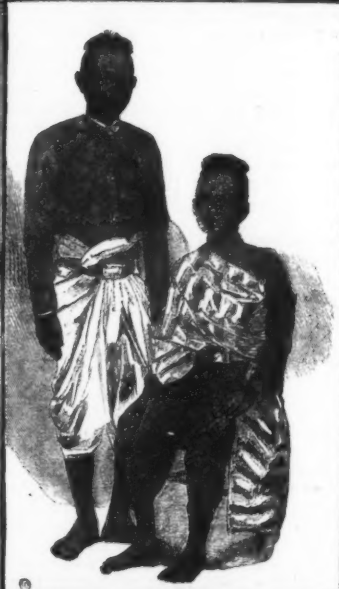
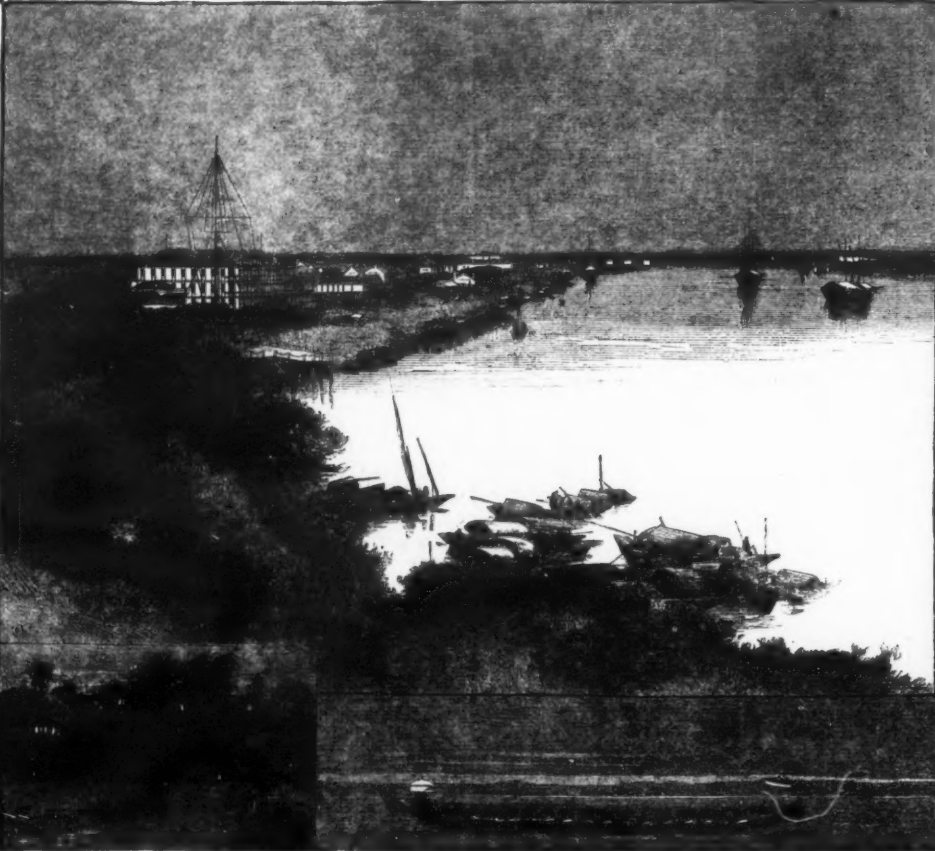
FRANCE.—MONUMENT TO DAGUERRE AT CORMEILLES.



THE ARCHDUCHESS MARIA VALERIA OF AUSTRIA.

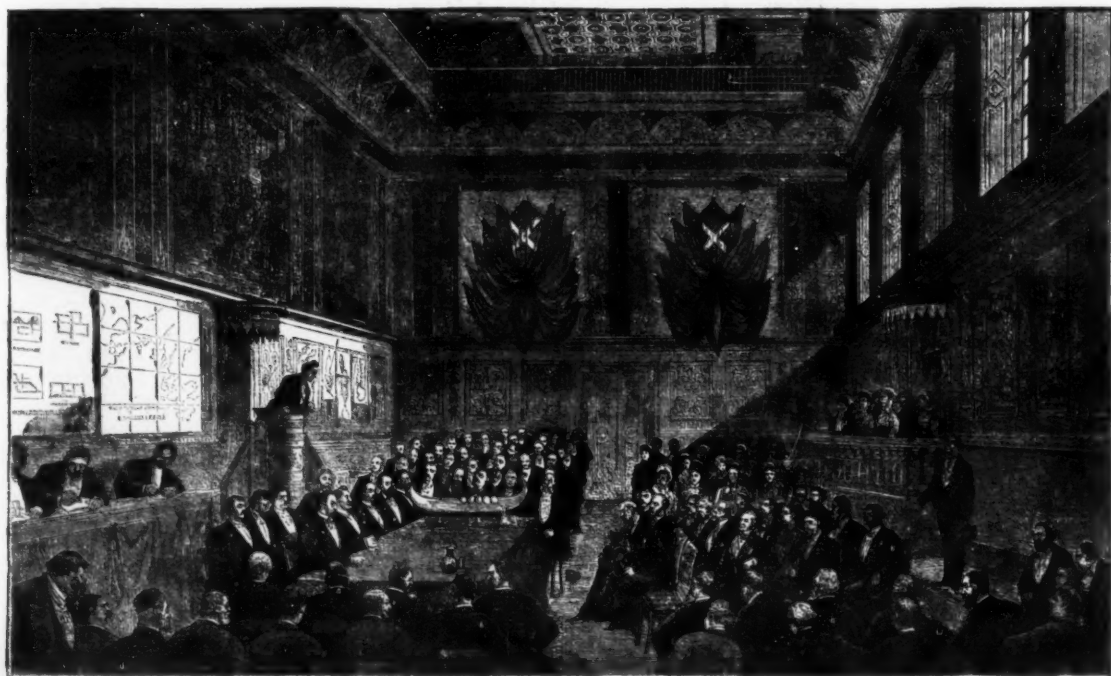


THE PRINCE ROYAL CHARLES OF PORTUGAL.



1. River Scene. 2. Native Musician. 3. Country Cart. 4. Saigon, the French Settlement. 5. Native Paddlers. 6. Rich Merchant. 7. Native Soldier. 8. River Scene. 9. Racing boat. 10. Lady and Gentleman of Anam. 11. Beggar. 12. Laborer.

COCHIN CHINA.—VIEWS IN TONQUIN AND LOWER ANAM.



DENMARK.—MEETING OF THE FIFTH AMERICANISTA CONGRESS AT COPENHAGEN, AUGUST 21ST.



PATRICK O'DONNELL, THE SLAYER OF JAMES CAREY.

VIEWS IN CARACAS, VENEZUELA.

THE STATUE OF WASHINGTON ERECTED BY THE REPUBLIC.

WE give on this page a view of the Plaza of Simon Bolivar, in the City of Caracas, the capital of the republic of Venezuela, showing the statue of Bolivar and some of the important public buildings. The plaza is the finest in the city, and, being centrally located, is the favorite promenade of the inhabitants, especially in the evening, when it is lighted by electricity. The base of the statue which appears in the picture bears this inscription:

EL GENERAL ANTONIO GUZMAN BLANCO,
Presidente de la Republica,
Eriga esta Monumento
En 1874.

The statue is made of bronze, with granite pedestal. At the extreme right of the picture may be seen the end of the Yellow House, or La Casa Amarilla, as it is called. This corresponds to our White House at Washington. The President does not use it as a residence, however, preferring to live at his private house, but holds all large receptions at the Yellow House. It is built of stucco-work, and is painted yellow. In the rear of this house, or rather in the centre, for it is on a corner, is the garden, with a fountain, surrounded by all kinds of tropical plants, flowers and fruits. The most important building in Caracas is shown in the centre of the illustration. This is the Capitol. It was built in the incredible space of six months and a half. Like the other buildings, it is composed of stone, covered with stucco-work, painted white. It is built on the four sides of the square, although not connected on two sides.

Another pleasant plaza in Caracas is the Plaza of Santa Teresa, in which the cathedral of the same name is located. The plaza is of interest to Americans just now on account of a statue of George Washington erected there by the Republic of Venezuela. The statue (of which we give an illustration) was made by O'Donovan, and cast in New York. It stands in the centre of the park, looking towards the cathedral. The ceremony of unveiling the statue took place on the 31st of July last. The park was very prettily decorated with Venezuelan and American colors, and facing the statue and to the right was a stand for the speakers. There, too, the yellow, blue and red of the Venezuelan flag was draped with our Stripes and Stars. The time set for the ceremony was two P. M., but long before that hour the square, park and surrounding streets were full of people; for this being the centennial of the Republic, many visitors were in Caracas, and the people themselves are all fond of sight-seeing. The ceremonies opened with an address by a member of the Board of Public Works, and then followed one by President Blanco, who was succeeded by Rear-admiral George H. Cooper, United States Navy. General Pyle, the engineer who laid the railroad connecting La Guayra and Caracas, then spoke in Spanish, and he was followed by our Minister, Hon. John Baker. After the speeches wreaths were placed on the statue by the President, Admiral Cooper, the American ladies of Caracas, and others. Among those present at the unveiling were the President, with members of his family; Rear-admiral Cooper, with eighteen officers from the *Tennessee* in full uniform; First Lieutenant H. R. Lemly, United States Army; the representatives of different countries; a number of American residents of Caracas, among whom were Mrs. Baker, wife of our Minister Resident; Mrs. Camacho, wife of the Venezuelan Minister at Washington, with her son; and Mr. and Mrs. Valiente, of New York city (Mr. Valiente now being in charge of American exhibits at the International Exhibition); Mr. and Mrs. Santa Ana and Miss Santa Ana; Mr. H. R. Hamilton, of New York, representing leading American firms.

ENCAMPMENT OF CONNECTICUT MILITIA.

THE annual encampment of the Connecticut National Guard, which opened at Niantic on September 10th, and continued through the week, was notable as the first occasion in the history of the State that its entire militia have been in camp together. The camp was called Camp Waller, after the Governor and Commander-in-Chief, who arrived on the second day, and was received by the entire



VENEZUELA.—MONUMENT TO WASHINGTON, ON THE PLAZA OF SANTA TERESA, IN CARACAS, UNVEILED JULY 31ST.

brigade drawn up in line, the battery saluting. The camp consisted of 208 wall tents for the field and line officers, and 800 A tents for the privates. Sixteen A tents opening east and west were given to each company. The battery was upon the extreme left of the brigade. The whole occupied about 1,800 feet. The mess-quarters and sinks were situated back of the field officers' tents, and each company had a separate dining-room. Facing the parade-ground, and commanding a full view of the camp, were the General's and Governor's quarters, ranged in a half-circle, with the staff officers upon either side. It would be difficult to find a better location and position for an encampment than that at Niantic. The camp-ground comprises a high and level plateau of ground about a half-mile from the shore of the Sound. It is bounded on the north and east by the Niantic River, and the approaches to it on the south and west consist of broad highways. The soil is sandy, and is covered by a short growth of stubble grass. The nature of the soil is so porous that within an hour after a heavy shower the water penetrates the earth, leaving the surface dry. By the Shore Line Railroad and its connections at New London, New Haven and Saybrook Junction, the camp ground may be reached in a few hours from any section of the State.

The various commands turned out in full force, and over 3,000 men were in camp. Company drill, battalion drill and brigade dress-parade took place each day, and the large parade-ground was constantly dotted with squads executing all manner of movements, most of which were very creditably performed. The skirmish drill, in which companies of different regiments participated, attracted much attention from visitors. On Thursday a sham battle occurred, and on Friday the general review took place. The wisdom of the State in purchasing these grounds for the annual encampment has already been vindicated, and the general opinion is that last week's meeting was the most successful ever held.

THE NEW CAPITOL OF DAKOTA.

THE 5th of September was a great day for Bismarck, Dakota, witnessing as it did the ceremony of laying the corner-stone of that Territory's Capitol. The occasion was made the more imposing by the presence and participation of President Villard's party of Northern Pacific excursionists on their way across the continent. At eight o'clock a procession took up the line of march to the Capitol grounds, the streets being filled with decorated carriages and wagons. Upon arriving at the spot Governor Ordway delivered an address of welcome, to which Mr. Villard replied, and speeches were then made by the German Minister, Baron von Elsendecker, William M. Everts, Carl Schurz, Frederick Billings, Carter H. Harrison and Secretary Teller. An engrossed copy of the resolutions of the citizens of Bismarck in honor of the German Chancellor, after whom the city is named, was presented to the German Minister, and he made an appropriate response. A unique feature of the ceremonies was the speech of Sitting Bull, who occupied a prominent place and made an address which was translated to the assembled thousands by the Government interpreter.

Work on the excavation for the building was begun August 25th, and the contract calls for its completion by April 1st next. It will be 150 by 180 feet in size, and three stories in height above the basement. The site is a beautiful one, and the new Capitol of Dakota promises to be in every way worthy of that enterprising Territory.

RACE AND COLOR.

IT is now well understood, says E. B. Taylor, an English scientist, that the causes of race-color are not so simple as Hippocrates thought when he described the nomad Scythian as burned tawny by the cold. But the study of anthropologists is still to notice the characters which mark off the white, yellow, brown and black races, and to connect therewith the effects of climate and mode of life. The analogy of fair or blonde skin to partial albinism is striking, and possibly points to some similarity of cause. A book has even been written by Dr. Foescho to explain thus the formation of the white race. The fair whites, according to this author, are semi-albinos, whose ancestors were once a browner race in Northern Asia, but



VENEZUELA.—THE PLAZA OF SIMON BOLIVAR, IN THE CITY OF CARACAS.—FROM A PHOTO.

turned fair in the swampy regions of the Allegheny, where men and beasts grow light in color, horses gray, the leaves of the trees pale, and all nature dull and colorless. Such imaginative speculation is an example to be avoided by anthropologists, and yet the resemblance of blonde to semi-albino skin is one which, when worked out by careful observation will, doubtless, lead to discovery. A yet more striking case of the morbid appearance of race-character is seen in "bronzed skin," a symptom of "Addison's disease." Here the resemblance to mulatto complexion is so marked that in the reports of cases it is quite a regular thing for the physician to mention that he asked the patient if he was of negro blood. Even that well-known negro feature, the comparatively light tint of palms and soles, was there, though there was wanting one of the points which anthropologists look to when they suspect negro ancestry, namely, the yellowness of what we characteristically call the "white" of the eye. It is not, however, on merely superficial comparison that this analogy depends. Anthropologists, unfortunately, do not always hear of medical works bearing on their studies, and it is but lately that I learned from Dr. Wilson Fox that an interesting microscopic section of "bronzed skin" was published years ago by Mr. Hutchinson in the *Pathological Transactions*. All who compare this with Kolliker's section of normal negro skin must admit the extraordinary similarity of coloration in the manner in which the deep brown pigment-cells and grains line the surface of the papilla of the dermis or true skin. I shall not be charged with propounding here a theory that black men are white men thus transformed, for, indeed, one incident of the obscure disease in question is that the patient always dies. The importance of the comparison lies in its bridging over the physiological differences of race by showing that morbid action may bring about in one race results more or less analogous to the normal type in another.

IN THE CYCLONE BELT.

TO wake at morn, and thank the night;
To sleep at eve, and bless the day;
To feel, on storm-swept cheeks, the gray
And ashen signet of fierce fright;
This is the lot of those who wait
In storm-cursed lands the tempest's fate.

The torrid heat of Summer day
An icy terror is to him
Who sees, on far horizon's rim,
Piled high, the thunder's banks of gray;
While wandering breaths of vagrant air
Seem like the music of despair!
Plenty and peace and youth and hope
One hour: the next, the whirling blast—
With death and want, when it is past,
Maimed forms through tear-wet ruins grope—
Scarce time for love to gasp, "Good-by,"
And after that—Eternity!

Rochester, Minn.

CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE.

ONE MARSTON BRETT.

"THEN you are really determined to marry him, Rebah? Well, I hope you have very carefully considered the subject I tell you of."

Rebah Grey smiled a smile she could not repress. Evidently the one thing she had thought of was the heaven she saw when she looked in her lover's eyes. But she could never tell this to practical Aunt Hester.

"I knew them," she answered, quietly, "but I shall marry him all the same, because—because, you see, I love him."

She hesitated a good deal, she blushed in the confession; then, confusedly pleading some little excuse, she went out of the room. It was all very sweet and girl-like, but it only made Aunt Hester frown.

"It is perfectly ridiculous," she said, vexedly, as her eyes followed her down the lawn. "Here she is, determined to marry that irregular, unimportant dandy—Aunt Hester was, under excitement, peculiar in her choice of words—"when I have planned for months to secure her a suitable husband in Marston Brett. But it shall not be, and—and you must help me, Ruth."

She looked over at me with a strange mingling of despair and resolve in look and tone. I only stared at her, at first; it needed a sharp repeating to bring me to myself.

"I will not, Aunt Hester."

The words burst from my lips a surprising defiance, indeed, to her.

"You will not, Ruth?"

"No."

"Not if Rebah's happiness—her true, abiding happiness—is concerned? I tell you—"

But I heard no more; ere she finished I had obeyed a sudden impulse and followed after Rebah. My mood changed as I stepped out into the sunlight; I looked back to Aunt Hester with a little laugh, to think I had been angry.

If she only knew this strange thing. A man of whom, in my frequent visits, I had heard so much, he almost seemed to me a friend, but who was much away from home, and whom here I had never met. A man I met by chance, just two months since, in a distant place, whom now—I was engaged to marry. And this man was Marston Brett.

I laughed again as I walked on, with eyes fixed on the graceful figure flitting ahead between the trees. It was naturally a shock to hear Aunt Hester thus coolly disposing of Marston Brett, craving my assistance that very moment my soul was lost in thought of him, my chosen lord and master. It was a startling thing, such words to break in on these:

"Life will be a dull waste, dearest, till I hold you in my arms again."

The sweet words, spoken only last evening as he left me in the train. I quite forgot Aunt Hester as they floated back again now to me; I walked on dreamily, culling this bright flower and that one, living only in the happy hours which lay behind me and the happier ones I knew would come. Suddenly looking on, I saw that some one had joined Rebah—a tall, handsome man; of course her lover.

Of course her lover; into no other man's eyes would she gaze with that look which I had fathomed. A bit I glanced at them, and then I turned into a side-path, and—into dreamland, fast again. Of course I would

rather have had my lover, but I had enough to feed upon, I thought: the tender words, the kisses my soul treasured, would suffice me till he came. I sat down on the mossy bank, and with all a girl's foolish exactness, began reviewing them, dwelling on them, clinging to them jealously from first to last.

So, until Aunt Hester's voice, speaking to a servant, suddenly broke the spell. It brought me back to her, and—to those other words. There flashed on me, for the first time, a grave surprise that I had said them. True it was a natural shock, a surprising thing; but why had I been angry with her? Why—

Why had I not told her that I was engaged to marry Marston Brett? The tale had been on my lips all this day of my arrival, but I was a little shy about it. Then would have been the time naturally to have spoken. It was confusion, of course, but—

All the same, I was ashamed of myself. I would go and tell Aunt Hester now, this very minute, I thought; and, starting up, I turned back towards the house. But this very minute my eyes caught the flutter of a white dress, and Rebah came down the path.

Her face wore a flushed, excited look, but there was nothing strange in that, I thought.

"You have seen some one, dear," I said, shyly, to her.

"Yes, I have seen some one, Ruth."

How very shy she was. But it was all quite natural.

"And what did he say?" I went on, in the same tone, thinking how much more delightful a person she was to receive my first tender confidences than practical Aunt Hester.

"What did he say?" The words broke with an energy to make me wonder, it was so unbecomingly the occasion. "I will tell you. That if I were willing, he would like to have all at an end between us; he did not love me quite as he had thought, and that as he would not like to impose upon me a loveless marriage, he had been thus frank with me. Not quite so abruptly, more courteously, and in smoother words, but—that is what he said. That is what he came to say."

It was a little minute ere I could realize, and then—such a pity awoke in my heart for Rebah that it seemed positively wicked for me to stand there in the presence of my great happiness and look at her. My lips parted for what words they could, when her voice broke in again.

"Do you know what I will do now, Ruth? I will marry Marston Brett, if he will have me. It will please Aunt Hester, and they say that he has always admired me; in fact, I know that he loves me, and would like me to be his wife. But for—for this other affair, I suppose it would have been. He may care for that, but oh! I hope not. I must have some man's love, interest; yes, passionate devotion now, or I shall surely die. I am going to tell Aunt Hester: she will, she must manage it."

I listened to the reckless words; I looked into the desperate, working face, and watched the little figure flitting down the pathway, with only the feeling a girl must have when for the first time she realizes joy and happiness flowing out of her life. It was, at first, but the feeling natural to a girl when she finds that she has not been first in her lover's heart; that would have been enough, bitterly I thought, as the rest all flashed upon me.

What mattered it what Rebah said. He might have loved her first, but then he had not known me. Was he not my own lover now—did he not probably love me even more fondly, more deeply for the very wound that love had healed? Could it be aught than a very strong affection that, under such circumstances, attracted him to another woman? In vain I questioned, in vain I reasoned out; there was but one hard truth in it all for me.

"Life will be a dull waste, dearest, till I hold you in my arms again."

The words came back, but with a pang, for they had lost their sweetness; they flashed the truth only the harder, more real and true. He had loved Rebah; she was his heart's first choice, and now that she was free, his heart would turn back to her with an eager hope. Aunt Hester and Rebah both would feel it, and—

All clearly I fathomed it. He would be true to his promises; he would love Rebah as never in his life before, but he would—marry me. He would not hesitate as did that other lover; he would think it treason to be frank with me. And I should be his wife, and all the dreary years he would live longing for the touch of her little hand, the forbidden heaven of her eyes.

Would he? Despite it all, the question broke in sudden, passionate pain upon my lips; then a mad hope awoke within me it might not be. To see, to know—any way to see, to know. With sudden decision I hurried homeward, with a great joy in my heart that I had not told Aunt Hester.

"Miss Ruth Hay."

The letter lay by my plate one morning a week later when I went in to breakfast.

"You have a gentleman correspondent?" remarked Aunt Hester, regarding me suspiciously above her glasses, while Rebah flashed over a faint, sad smile at me.

I glanced eagerly at the postmark. It was not the letter I had so hoped for, yearned for, every morning since that hard day. The letter which was to still all my doubts, and bring all the old joy and happiness in fresh fullness back to life; the letter I would not give up. Indifferently I broke the seal, while Aunt Hester went on talking.

"I, too, have a gentleman correspondent," she said, with a sly, twinkling look at Rebah; "I have a letter in my pocket from Marston Brett. I wrote him some things that happened—some things I was sure he would like to know—and he has answered, in his own dignified way, but with some outspoken words of you, Rebah, and with the hope—"

"To come—to come and see us, very soon, Aunt Hester?"

"Just as he says, little guesser; he hopes to be with us very soon. Oh! child, I feel like dropping on my knees in gratitude that, instead of marrying that—that irregular, unimportant dandy, you are really going to be Mrs. Marston Brett!"

"Yes."

I did not look at Rebah. Involuntarily I had clasped my hands above the letter, and sat with eyes staring vacantly at the little line upon the sheet:

"Important business will require Miss Hay's presence at Judge Rowe's office on Wednesday at two o'clock. It will not admit of delay."

Vacantly, but finally it came to me to wonder just a little. What did Judge Rowe want of me? The business of my father's estate was all settled; it was certainly very strange. But I did not ponder long, for the relieving thought flashed that there was an excuse to go away. I would go, and—I would stay. It was all over now; I had had my desire to see, to know, and I could not, I could not—

But thought that moment dared not finish; I took up life to use myself to this hard thing as best I could. The morrow was Wednesday, and early I stood ready for my journey to the city.

"You will spend a few days with sister Jane, of course," said Aunt Hester; and then she added with her sly twinkle, "I advise you not to stay too long, for I am quite determined to have a wedding before days are months."

"I have changed my mind," whispered little Rebah, softly, "I shall never marry Marston Brett."

It was a bit surprising, but the words mattered not at all to me. Since Marston Brett did not love me, I cared not whether or not he married Rebah. I only smiled a disbelieving smile, and went on my way.

I was little familiar with the city, but I knew Judge Rowe's office well. Not many minutes after I left the train I was sitting in one of his private parlors. I had thought in all little of this strange business, but it was natural it should grow upon me sitting there.

I began to think of it, to ponder what it all could mean. I listened to the voices in the adjoining rooms, each approaching step in the corridor, with nervous expectation, and a conscious flush upon my cheek. Till, at last, some one was coming; the door opened, and—

I saw Marston Brett before me.

"How do you do, Ruth?" he said, quietly, drawing near to where I sat.

It was startling, but—ah! its hardness, its bitterness to endure. My lover—her lover standing thus looking at me, with almost a smile upon his face. And the lacking comfort that a soul was hid where he could not read!

"What are you doing here?" It was all that I could say.

"What am I doing here, Ruth? Why, I had an appointment with a lady, and—well, the fact is, my office is under siege of carpenters and masons, and as there were other reasons, Judge Rowe obliged me. But, may I ask, now I see you, why you wrote that letter breaking our engagement? You did not give any reason for it."

So quietly, so coldly he looked down at me. It was more than I could bear; almost the tears were in my eyes, and I could not stay the answer that fluttered to my lips.

"Because—because I wanted to try you, if you loved me. I was sure if you did you would not care for that. Oh, I did so hope you loved me."

It was dreadful, all; I sat in a perfect shiver of fright and shame as I concluded. But—

"Did you?" The voice broke in with a startling accent, and—the next moment was all a maze of amaze and bliss. For, with the words he had seated himself on Judge Rowe's august sofa and taken me in his arms. "Did you? Well, you were just right, Ruth, when you thought I would not care. And I was just right, too, it seems, about the reason. I understood it all at once. You were up there with my ardent admirer, Mistress Hester, and Rebah—poor little Rebah—and you put this and that together, and so fancied—well, you know as well as I, my darling."

"Yes—but Rebah, and the letter you wrote Aunt Hester?" I could only gasp the words.

"The letter I wrote Mistress Hester was but a kindly expression of my sympathy for her and little Rebah. Poor little Rebah! I did think I loved her one time—before I met you, my darling—but she never cared for me; and, though she is doubtless unhappy now, she will see the day, I am sure, when she will be grateful—"

But suddenly I remembered, and broke away from him.

"I do not understand," I said. "You did not answer my letter, and—and I have an appointment with Judge Rowe; and—and you have—"

"And I—"

"He finished, with a laugh; "that is just right again. The fact is, I was away and did not receive your letter till Monday. And I made up my mind at once. You should be convinced in a quick, conclusive way. So I wrote you important business required your presence here—business admitting no delay. To my mind it does not, Ruth."

"What business?"

"To have Judge Rowe marry us."

"Now, Marston!"

"At once, my darling. What do you think of it?"

"I think you are one Marston Brett." That was the only further word I interposed.

It required some courage to face Aunt Hester. But Rebah whispered:

"I could not have done it, after all, Ruth. And—I am so glad there is a Mrs. Marston

Brett and a law against bigamy, else I am afraid Aunt Hester would yet manage it."

All the same, selfish mortal, I fear I should not have cared much for Rebah.

INTERNATIONAL CAMP-MEETING OF SPIRITUALISTS.

THE International Camp-meeting of Spiritualists, which is now in progress at Neshaminy Falls, Pa., has attracted a very large attendance of persons from all parts of this country, with a considerable number of visitors also from Europe. At times the numbers present have reached 15,000. The camp covers one mile square. There is a pavilion for the use of speakers, and a number of frame buildings, with canvas awnings, for the occupancy of visitors. Shade is afforded by a belt of woods, and the camp is in every way attractive and convenient. The exercises consist, as usual in these gatherings, of addresses, singing, conferences, etc., all bearing upon the peculiar beliefs of the Spiritualist sect.

THE NORTHERN PACIFIC.

LAYING THE LAST RAIL—THE FINAL CEREMONIES OF COMPLETING THE TRANS-CONTINENTAL LINE.

[Special Correspondence of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.]

"LAST SPIKE," M. T., Saturday, Sept. 8th, 1883.

THE last rail was laid and the last spike driven on the Northern Pacific Railroad at 8.30 P. M. (New York time) to day. The point of junction was in the valley of the Little Blackfoot Creek, at its junction with Independence Creek, about sixty miles west of Helena. The direction of the track, going towards the Pacific is north, twentydegrees west. In front of the point of junction a large pavilion, accommodating several hundred guests and visitors, had been erected and very handsomely decorated. The flags of the United States, of Germany and of Great Britain flew from its roof, and in front were mingled with artistic effect the evergreens and grains of Montana, with the tools of the railway builders.

Fronted by bold hills, divided by deep gulches, and facing towards the west, was the point selected for joining the tracks and completing the grand trans-continental line. The first section of the excursion train, containing President Villard and his personal guests, had arrived from the East about ten A. M.; the other sections had followed at intervals of from one to two hours, and the guests from the Pacific, in a special train, were also on time. The sun was veiled by a dense Autumn haze, concealing all the landscape but the immediate foreground of bare yellow hills, rising away in terraces beyond each other to the westward. Behind the pavilion ran the Little Blackfoot, tumbling noisily over its stony bed as for centuries before it had gone onward unvexed to the Pacific. The rays of the sun, pouring directly into the pavilion, made the heat almost extreme, but altogether the scene, the winds and skies, were auspicious. In the scene, the event, or in its details, there was little that was dramatic or unusually impressive.

So thoroughly had the preparations been made, so perfectly had steam and electricity overcome the obstacles of nature, that but for the historical interest and importance of the occasion, it might have proved to the casual observer very much like hundreds of agricultural fairs, or other open-air assemblages in all parts of the country. People who had the front seats sat in the sun, and listened to oratory, while those not so fortunate, moved restlessly around the outskirts of the crowd, impatiently waiting for the speeches to close, and the great, the actual, event of the day. Photographers occupied every point of vantage, and across the track the leafy trees, whose branches afforded seats commanding a full and complete view of the ceremony, were full of spectators. Directly in front of the pavilion, and opposite the point of junction, was erected a sign, on which appeared the inscription:

LAKE SUPERIOR, 1,198 miles. PUGET SOUND, 847 miles.

while the eager agents of the competing routes covered every available post and dead wall with placards and posters of the rival lines to the East and seaboard.

In front of the pavilion for about 1,200 feet was a section of the road bed ready for the rails, and from which, in fact, the rails had been removed that they might be laid to signalize fittingly the event of the day. This work had been intrusted to Mr. J. B. Alexander, superintendent of track-laying and bridges of the Rocky Mountain Division and at each end of the gap. President Villard's speech, occupying about twenty minutes, was like all which he has made on the way hither—modest, strong and simple in its eloquence. His historical review of the progress and construction of the road was clear and succinct, and his acknowledgments to his predecessors in the work cordial and generous. When he spoke of the toils and labors of the workmen who had built the road and actually done its work, through danger, cold and privation, the audience broke into hearty cheers, and his closing aspirations for the future success and lasting value of the road elicited the most enthusiastic response. Mr. Villard stood on the front of the platform, surrounded by one of the most representative and distinguished audiences, and in front of him were thousands of the citizens and dwellers along the line of the road, who had come in to witness the ceremonies of the day. Following Mr. Villard came ex-Secretary Evans, Secretary Toller, Mr. Frederick Billings, Sir James Hannan, Governor Crosby of Montana, Ordway of Dakota, and Newell of Washington, and the other speakers, all of whom were listened to with attention, their utterances being timely, pertinent, suggestive and eloquent.

Following the speeches, the entire company "advanced by platoon" to the line of track, at each end of which were the two gangs of tracklayers waiting the signal to begin. They went to work with a will, and in twenty minutes the entire 1,200 feet were covered. The gang from the east, led by old "Nig," the horse which had drawn the iron car all the way from the Missouri, were first at the junction point, and cheered and applauded their victory most enthusiastically. The crowd surged and swayed in every direction, and the truth of history compels the statement that very few knew exactly what was going on at any precise moment. Above the multitude, however, the tall form of President Villard towered, and in his right hand he held the first spike driven years ago on the road near Thompson Junction. Mr. H. C. Davis, now of the Manitoba road, who drove the first spike of the Northern Pacific, struck the first blow on the last spike, and the second was given by President Villard. After him Director Frederick Billings took the hammer, and when General Grant came forward and gave it the final blow the enthusiasm was unrestrained. The battery under the bluff opposite thundered its guns, the bands played, the people cheered, and the great event was celebrated in true American fashion. Then the trains came up, met, and crossed, the completed line of road spanning the continent.

The first locomotive to cross the last rail was engine No. 154—William Henderson and James Welch engineers, and William Palmer and Charles McClerkin firemen—which had drawn a train of eleven cars, in charge of conductor Thomas Flynn, from Portland. The Pacific terminus was left at 12:15 Friday morning, and the run of over 700

miles had been made without detention or mishap. Locomotive and cars were profusely decorated with flags and finely-painted medallions, the gifts of the citizens of Sprague—a new town on the Columbia division. The first engine to cross from the east was No. 165, and among the five following cars was the "Ironer," the first to run on the Southern Pacific, away back in the early days of small things in 1870.

The "Villard excursion" went on its way westward without delay, and will reach Portland on Monday evening. In all details of affairs connected with the completion of the road, system, energy and liberality have been conspicuous, and the sections already opened make certain the display of the same qualities in the operation of the entire transcontinental line.

H. L. B.

THE RAILWAY CELEBRATION IN ST. PAUL.

WE give on page 77 some additional illustrations of the Pacific Railway celebration at St. Paul, Minn., September 3d. This celebration was in every respect the most remarkable, as a demonstration of popular enthusiasm, which has ever been held in that city, and together with that in Minneapolis, attested in a most striking way the public interest in the completion of this new continental highway.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

A Monument to Daguerre.

On the 26th of August last there was unveiled at Cormeilles, in France, a bust of Daguerre, subscribed for by photographers all over the world. To Daguerre is due the first application of the reproduction by light of an impression upon a sensitive plate. The Minister of Public Instruction in France is a large contributor to the bust, as are also the Municipal Councils of Rouen, Cormeilles, Paris and Versailles. M. Leclerc, the architect to the Palace of Versailles, a *savant* of the first water, has been charged with the decorative portion of the monument. M. Capellaro, the distinguished sculptor, is the modeler of the bust, which was exhibited at the last exhibition of Fine Arts, and he has reproduced the eminent "light handler" to the life. Daguerre was born in 1788 at Cormeilles, and died in 1851. He was a painter by profession, and was the inventor of the Diorama.

Sketches in Tonquin and Anam.

We give on page 68 a number of illustrations of the costumes and appearance of different classes of the people of Anam, together with a view of Saigon, the French settlement on the shore of the Gulf of Tonquin. This settlement was founded in 1860, but has not been especially prosperous. It has an export trade in buffalo hides and horns, cocoon oil, rice, cotton, sugar, tobacco and silk, but has enjoyed little commercial intercourse with the interior of Tonquin and the neighboring Anam provinces. It is possible that the outcome of the existing complications may be such an extension of French influence as will give the subjects of that Government a practical commercial supremacy over all this territory.

The Crown Prince of Portugal in Austria.

"Coming events," they say, "cast their shadows before." And the visit of the Crown Prince of Portugal to Austria looks very much as if he was desirous of taking a peep at the Archduchess Marie Valerie, now fifteen years old, the daughter of the still beautiful and hard-riding Empress of Austria. This young lady's elder sister was married in 1873 to the Prince of Bavaria, a very poor, in fact a miserable, match; but the good-natured people of Vienna declared in a whisper that the Archduchess Giselle was married in order that she might be taken away from Court, where she looked too old for so young a mamma. The Crown Prince of Portugal is twenty years of age, not bad-looking, very accomplished, and highly respectable. The marriage would, at any rate, be of a more eligible character than that of Giselle, for the Kingdom of Portugal, albeit out of the world, is pretty safe to last, and this is indeed a consideration in the age of republican sentiments and methods. The Prince has arrived at Vienna and has been well received.

Congress of Americanists.

The fifth Congress of Americanists, or European students of early American history, held at Copenhagen in August, was an occasion of much interest to the participants. At the opening, on the 21st, the Princess of Wales and other members of the Danish royal family were present. Addresses were delivered by Danish, Spanish, Belgian and French delegates. Copenhagen was selected for the meeting because the library and archives, as well as the museums, furnish a great amount of important material concerning the voyage of the Norsemen, to which the attention of the Congress was directed. It confined its work to the time preceding the voyage of Columbus.

The Assassination of Carey.

We give a portrait of Patrick O'Donnell, who, on the 29th of July last, assassinated the notorious informer, James Carey, on board the steamer *Nerissa*, while on her voyage between Cape Town and Port Elizabeth. The circumstances of the assassination have already been stated in our columns. O'Donnell is now on his way to England to be tried for his offense.

The Work of the Fish Commission.

IN the bulletin of the above department Professor G. B. Goode gives a resumé of the work accomplished in the decade that elapsed between its inception in 1871 and the Summer of 1880. The objects of the Commission are three-fold, including (1) the systematic investigation of the waters of the United States and the biological and physical problems they present; that is, to study the fishes, to know the history of the plants and animals they feed upon, or upon which their food is nourished, to know the friends and enemies of our food-fishes, and to understand the currents, temperatures and other phenomena that have a bearing upon their migrations, growth or reproduction; (2) the investigation of the methods of fishery—past and present—and their improvement from an economical point of view, as well as the collection of statistics; (3) the introduction and multiplication of food-fishes throughout the country.

New England, the seat of the principal fisheries, has also been that of the most active operations. Every Summer a temporary laboratory has been constructed, and naturalists have been busy collecting upon the shore, seining out the beaches, or working with dredge and trawl at as great depths as can be reached by a steamer in a trip of three days. The fishermen of Cape Ann have become enthusiastic to aid, and during the last few years have vied with each other in their efforts to procure the rarer forms of life, which they have every opportunity to do, since every halibut vessel sets, twice daily, lines from ten to fourteen miles in length, with hooks upon them six feet apart, in water from twelve to eighteen hundred feet in depth. Fifty to sixty thousand specimens have been obtained in this way, comprising some thirty species of fishes not before known to inhabit our waters, besides about fifty other forms of life new to our fauna. No dredging has been done south of Long Island by the Commission itself, but agents and friends are working in various localities.

Mr. J. A. Hyder and Mr. E. Ingersoll are at work upon the oyster, striving to make their knowledge of its anatomy and development useful to the community, while the culture of the shad and the salmon are in other, equally good, hands. Professor Verrill, who is permanently in charge of the deep-sea work, estimates that during the last ten years 1,000 additional species have been found on the New England coast (excluding the fishes), while of the latter class at least 100, half of them new to science, have been added to the fauna of the Atlantic coast, and some sixty to that of the Pacific.

The connection between the temperature of the water and the movements of fishes is well made out, and the results of the study of the causes of the failure of the menhaden fishery in Maine in 1879 will be of practical future benefit.

The German carp has been placed in nearly every State and Territory; the tench (*Tinca vulgaris*) and the golden orfe (*Ictus melanotus*) have been acclimated; the shad has been successfully planted in the Mississippi Valley and upon the coast of California, where it is becoming plentiful, and the California salmon has been introduced into the waters of the Atlantic slope. Several rivers have been re-stocked with shad and salmon, and millions of fish-eggs are hatched yearly by improved processes in which the aid of steam is called in.

In fact, a great deal of scientific work, and much practical work flowing therefrom, has been done by the Fish Commission; but this is but a drop in the bucket compared with what yet remains to be accomplished.

Southern Progress.

THE New Orleans *Times-Democrat* has gathered from trustworthy sources and given to the public valuable statistics showing the industrial progress made in the Southern States during the past four years. This covers the period since 1879, the year to which the figures of the latest national census apply. The census returns show a marvelous material growth in the South during the preceding ten years. But, according to the reports published by our New Orleans contemporary, the progress of the past four years is greater and more wonderful than that achieved during the decade between the census years.

Taking the important item of assessed value of property, a comparison between the years 1879 and 1883 gives the following remarkable results:

State.	Assessment 1883.	% Inc.	Assessment 1879.	% Inc.
Alabama.....	\$152,920,115	6%	\$117,486,581	7
Arkansas.....	136,000,000	7	86,892,541	6%
Florida.....	56,000,000	7	39,111,648	5
Georgia.....	300,000,000	2%	135,659,530	5
Louisiana.....	200,000,000	6	209,361,402	6
Mississippi.....	116,288,810	2%	129,308,345	3%
Tennessee.....	252,289,873	2	223,211,345	1
Texas.....	500,000,000	3	304,470,736	5
Totals.....	\$1,710,498,798	4%	\$1,215,662,128	5

This shows that in eight Southern and South-western States there has been an increase of nearly half a billion dollars—\$494,836,669—in the value of taxable property during the short period of four years, while the rate of taxation has been actually reduced. At the same time liberal appropriations have been made for schools, public improvements and other useful purposes. "Nor is this marvelous advance in valuation," says the *Times-Democrat*, "the result of any inflation in value, but the natural sequence of grand crops, new industries developed, new manufactures, mines and lumber mills established."

The extension of railroads has been scarcely less astonishing. In the eight States above enumerated there were, in 1879, 11,604 miles of railroad. There are now 17,891 miles, showing an increase in four years of 5,287 miles. The agricultural progress made is shown by the fact that the value of raw products raised in these States, including all crops, lumber, cattle and wool, has advanced from \$398,000,000 in 1879 to \$567,000,000 in 1883, or an increase of \$169,000,000. During this period the mineral output of Alabama alone has increased from \$4,000,000 to \$19,000,000, and the lumber product of Arkansas from \$1,790,000 to \$8,000,000.

The Berlin Elevated Railroad.

A BERLIN correspondent of the *Chicago Herald* writes: "The capital city of Germany has made such immense strides, and has increased so wonderfully within the last decade, that I have no doubt it will have left Paris far behind by the beginning of the next century. Within a few years there has sprung up whole new quarters, each one as large as a city itself. There are new streets upon streets of newly-built houses, which, for monumental beauty, solid masonry and good taste in architecture, excel anything which Paris can show. The west side of Berlin, especially, is a succession of finely-paved streets and houses, many in the midst of gardens or spacious grounds such as no other modern city can boast of."

The Stadtbahn, or city railway, in Berlin, is the most perfect thing to be found in any city in the world. Compared with this system of elevated railroads there, our elevated street cars are toys. The main line of this elevated railroad in Berlin traverses the city through the entire length, and leads, of course, through the principal business streets. Then there is a "guertelbahn," which encircles the whole city, as is the case in Paris. Now, the company had to buy its entire right of way, a great number of houses had to be torn down, and it had to construct the road very substantially. Just imagine a long white wall extending all this length, built very massively, and yet not clumsily, the surface of which is probably about thirty feet broad. There are depots at regular intervals, and those depots are, every one of them, solid stone structures of very pretty design. Underneath these depots there is an arcade, which is rented, and has been transformed in every instance into a restaurant, beer garden, or store. It is deliciously cool and shady under these arcades, even on the hottest days. Gardens, or small parks for public use, are generally connected with these places. When you are seated there, and a train passes by right over your head, the mason-work is so thick that only a low, rumbling sound is heard.

Death-roll of the Week.

SEPTEMBER 27th.—At Washington, D. C., David P. Holloway, formerly member of Congress and Commissioner of Patents, aged 74. September 10th.—At Newport, N. H., Amasa Edes, the oldest member of the New Hampshire Bar, aged 90; at Wheeling, W. Va., J. Hanson Good, a leading Democratic lawyer, aged 40; at Dublin, Ireland, the Right Hon. Hugh Law, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, aged 65. September 11th.—At Livingston, La., Thomas G. Davidson, formerly member of Congress, aged 78; at Paris, France, Henri Conscience, the famous Flemish novelist, aged 70. September 12th.—At Monmouth Beach, N. J., Hugh J. Hastings, the New York editor and politician, aged 65; at Watessing, N. J., Edward Hart, a well-known naval constructor, aged 60; at Chicago, Ill., Nelson C. Draper, Tea Inspector, aged 48; at Leesburg, Va., General J. T. Foutleroy, formerly colonel in the United States Army, aged 87. September 13th.—At Baltimore, Md., Otis Kelholtz, a prominent politician and ex-Speaker of the Legislature, aged 45; at London, Engand, Dutton Cook, a well-known dramatic critic, aged 51; Admiral Sir Richard Collinson, of the British Navy, aged 71.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

In the Nordenskjöld expedition to Greenland a sort of flying-machine will be employed. It is the invention of a Swedish engineer, Herr A. Montén, and is built at the expense of Dr. Oscar D. Ekson, of Gothenburg.

Successful Experiments have recently been made in rendering cloth waterproof by means of soaking it in acetate of alumina. It is said that it sheds rain, but may be washed, and that it does not check perspiration.

Dr. P. P. Deherain maintains that the electric light contains rays which are hurtful to vegetation, but these, he says, can be held back by transparent glass. The light itself, he finds, contains enough of the rays useful to vegetation to maintain the life of plants for two months and a half; but the quantity of favorable rays is too small to bring crops to a condition of maturity.

The Strength of Boilers is not much affected by the working temperatures up to considerably over 400°, nor by low temperatures down to the freezing point. But when the temperature of the plates, through the absence of water or any other cause, rises above 500°, then a change commences. Above 750° the tenacity diminishes very rapidly, and when the plates become red-hot they have lost fully half of their usual strength.

Dr. K. Heumann points out that, if sulphur is heated on a plate of metal or porcelain, its vapors in the dark give off a phosphorescent light. The flame is pale, scarcely bluish, and very different from the fine blue flame given by the combustion of sulphur at higher temperatures. In place of sulphurous-acid gas, the phosphorescent sulphur emits vapors having an odor which recalls at once that of hydrogen bisulphide, of camphor, and ozone.

An Instance of the voracity of a species of *Heterostoma* was told by Mr. Whittell at a recent meeting of the Linnean Society of New South Wales. He had observed one of these centipedes in the act of eating a live lizard. The aggressor, evidently finding his victim too powerful for his unassisted strength, had ingeniously taken a double turn with the posterior portion of his body around a small stem which was found conveniently at hand, and so was enabled to begin and continue his meal without interruption.

At a Recent meeting of the Academy of Sciences, Paris, M. Ducharme described a method of preserving and reproducing crystalline forms of water. A horizontal glass plate at a low temperature is covered with a thin layer of water mixed with minimum, so that particles of the minimum are involved in the formation of the ice when the water freezes. Of course any subsequent fusion or evaporation at a moderate temperature will leave the minimum in position. This ought to prove a very beautiful and instructive experiment.

Very Simple Natural Phenomena often excite surprise and sometimes alarm. Some travelers walking along the shore of Loch Eide, Argyleshire, Scotland, noticed that they cast a double shadow. The explanation was simple when the facts were examined. A well-defined shadow was produced by the direct rays of the sun, and a fainter one by the sun's reflected rays from the lake, which happened at the time to be quite still and mirror-like. The strange appearance might, however, have caused a shock to sensitive nerves.

Professor Palmieri has devised a process for silvering glass by means of the reducing action of glycerine on the salts of silver, which is said to have the advantage of producing a very brilliant metallic deposit. When into an ammoniacal solution of nitrate of silver is poured, first, a little caustic potash, and then a few drops of glycerine, the reduction begins at once; and this action is accelerated if ether or alcohol be added to the mixture. A moderate heat and darkness are said to increase the brilliancy of the precipitate, and darkness also favors the adhesion to the mirror of the deposit.

M. V. Burg, after thirty years' investigation of the subject, has been convinced of the efficacy of copper as a preventive and curative of cholera. The metal absorbed into the system, he says, acts as an almost perfect prophylactic, the exceptions not being more numerous than in the case of vaccination in defending people from smallpox. Among other precautions, he recommends the external application of copper in the metallic form, the burning of dichloride of copper in alcoholic lamps, wine mixed with the natural mineral water of St. Christian, and the use of vegetables rendered green by sulphate of copper.

M. Ducretet has brought out a new galvanometer. It contains the valuable properties of being dead beat, and being used for both strong and high potential currents. Its chief points consist in a movable compound coil, the fine wire coil being nearly 6,000 ohms, and the framework of this coil, which is a copper ring, being the low resistance coil. The magnetometer part consists of a box with a very delicately balanced needle immersed in some transparent liquid. The needle is very small, and has attached to it a fine aluminium pointer by which the readings are made. The galvanometer can be used for all strengths of current in practical use.

It is said that a first class insect destroyer has been discovered by Dr. Nessler, of the *Rapporteur de Pharmacie*. He recommends a mixture of soft-soap, consisting of 4 parts; extract of tobacco, 6 parts; amylic alcohol, 5 parts; methyl alcohol, 20 parts; and water, 1,000 parts. German gardeners are said to have a great liking for this destroyer of insects. This is the rationale of the process, which is not very good after all. The extract of tobacco is made by combining equal parts of rolls of tobacco and soft-soap, and water is added to make up for what is evaporated. When the soft-soap is dissolved the other ingredients are put in. Good stirring is required before use.

A Flutter has been caused in scientific circles by the announcement of the discovery, on percing a new gallery in a coal mine at Bully-Grenay (Pas de Calais), of a series of very remarkable caverns. In the first were the intact fossil bodies of a man, two women and three children. Beside them were petrified pieces of wooden utensils and remains of mammals and fish, as well as some stone weapons. A second subterranean cavern revealed eleven bodies of gigantic size, the fossils of several animals, and a great number of various objects, including precious stones. Into a third and larger chamber the miners could not enter on account of the carbonic acid it contained. If all this turns out to be as true as it appears to be, the existence of prehistoric man would seem to be a stern fact.

Professor Fredericq, of Liege, has made some interesting discoveries as to the influence of the nervous system on the regulation of temperature in warm-blooded animals. After many experiments, he affirms that cold acts on the sensitive nerves of the skin, and through them on centres of thermogenesis in the medulla oblongata. These centres react, and through contritural nerves cause an increase of the phenomena of interstitial combustion, especially in the muscles; but we also fight with cold by a diminution of the losses of heat, the vessels of the skin being constricted, owing to an excitation of the vaso-constrictor centres, through impression of the sensitive nerves of the skin by cold. M. Fredericq considers that the system does not (as most physiologists say) contend against heat by diminishing the production of heat. The regulation of temperature is simply based on increase of the losses of heat, by dilation of the cutaneous vessels, by acceleration of the outer circulation, increased secretion and evaporation of the sweat, and greater admission of air to the lungs. The vaso-dilator nerve centres (sudorific and respiratory) are excited directly by superheated blood.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

BASTIEN LEPAGE, the painter of "Joan of Arc," is coming to this country to paint portraits.

THE Count de Chambord left a legacy to the Pope of £16,000 as a dying tribute to Peter's Pence.

THE late Lucy C. Chickering, of Boston, bequeathed \$21,200 to benevolent and religious associations.

A MOVEMENT is on foot in England to erect a monument to Captain Webb, the swimmer, on the spot on the Severn where he first saved a life.

M. DAMALA, Bernhardt's husband, is disgusted with his soldiering in Tunis, has taken his discharge and returns to the stage; but not with Sara.

EX-GOVERNOR BRIDLE, of New Jersey, slipped and broke his leg on a New York pavement a few days ago, and will be confined to his house for some weeks.

EX-SPEAKER RANDALL was drawn as a petit juror in Philadelphia last week, and declined to avail himself of his privilege to be excused as a Congressman.

MRS. JULIE P. SMITH, the well-known novelist, was thrown from her carriage and instantly killed at her Summer residence in New Hartford, Conn., a few days ago.

GOVERNOR CLEVELAND, of New York, has returned to the capital, browner, stouter, and evidently feeling better all over, after his vacation among the Adirondacks.

ROBERT E. LEE, youngest son of the late Confederate General, has declined a Democratic nomination for the Legislature of Virginia, saying that he has no taste for politics.

MRS. PHILIP SPEED, of Louisville, a daughter of George Keats and a niece of John Keats, the celebrated and unfortunate English poet, died at Coburg, Can., last week.

THE Pope on his nameday (August 19th) gave 100 beds and bedding to the poor of Rome, and sent at about the same time magnificent presents to the bride of his nephew, Count Camillo Pecci.

THE daughter of Bayard Taylor has, until recently, been supporting herself as a governess in New York. She and her mother declined a purse of \$30,000, raised by New York ladies on learning that Bayard Taylor died poor.

H. H. BANCROFT, the California historian, has gone to Mexico and Central America for one year to study documents and antiquities. He is accompanied by three assistants and proposes to carry on his historical work without interruption.

MAJOR RIDOUT, lately of the Royal Military College at Kingston, Ont., makes public his claim to be a descendant of Pocahontas and Captain Smith. He has in his possession the signet-ring of the latter, and a number of other interesting relics.

THE widow of ex-President Polk completed her eightieth year on September 4th, and was pleasantly surprised on that day by a visit from many of the prominent citizens of Nashville, Tenn., where she lives, who brought some fine floral tokens of the event.

MR. JOHN WANAMAKER has added one more to his many benefactions to the Young Men's Christian Association, by giving the Philadelphia Association \$50,000 to pay off its floating debt. The entire amount of the debt—\$200,000—was made up by other subscribers.

ADVICES from Loanda, West Africa, dated August 15th, state that Henry M. Stanley, after penetrating far into the interior, has returned to Stanley Pool. It is believed that Mr. Stanley intends to retrace the country covered in his former journey along the east coast.

JOHN W. CROCKETT, of DeWitt, Ark., owns a curious and valuable heirloom, the gold watch long the pocketpiece of his great-grandfather, the famous Davy Crockett. A rifle presented to the pioneer by "five hundred prominent young gentlemen of Philadelphia" is in the possession of his grandson, Robert H. Crockett, of DeWitt.

THE late Dr. Moffat, the venerable missionary, became so accustomed to "roughing it" in Africa that when he returned to England he could not sleep comfortably on a soft pillow. So for his use at home he had one made of wood, and when he was visiting friends he asked them to put a block of wood or a wooden footstool at the head of his bed.

THE late Edward Stabler, of Sandy Springs, Md., appointed by Jackson in 1830, was not the oldest postmaster in the country in point of service, as has been claimed. Rowell Bardsley, of North Lansing, N. Y., was appointed postmaster there July 14th, 1828, and has prepared his quarterly returns in person during all his fifty-five years of service.

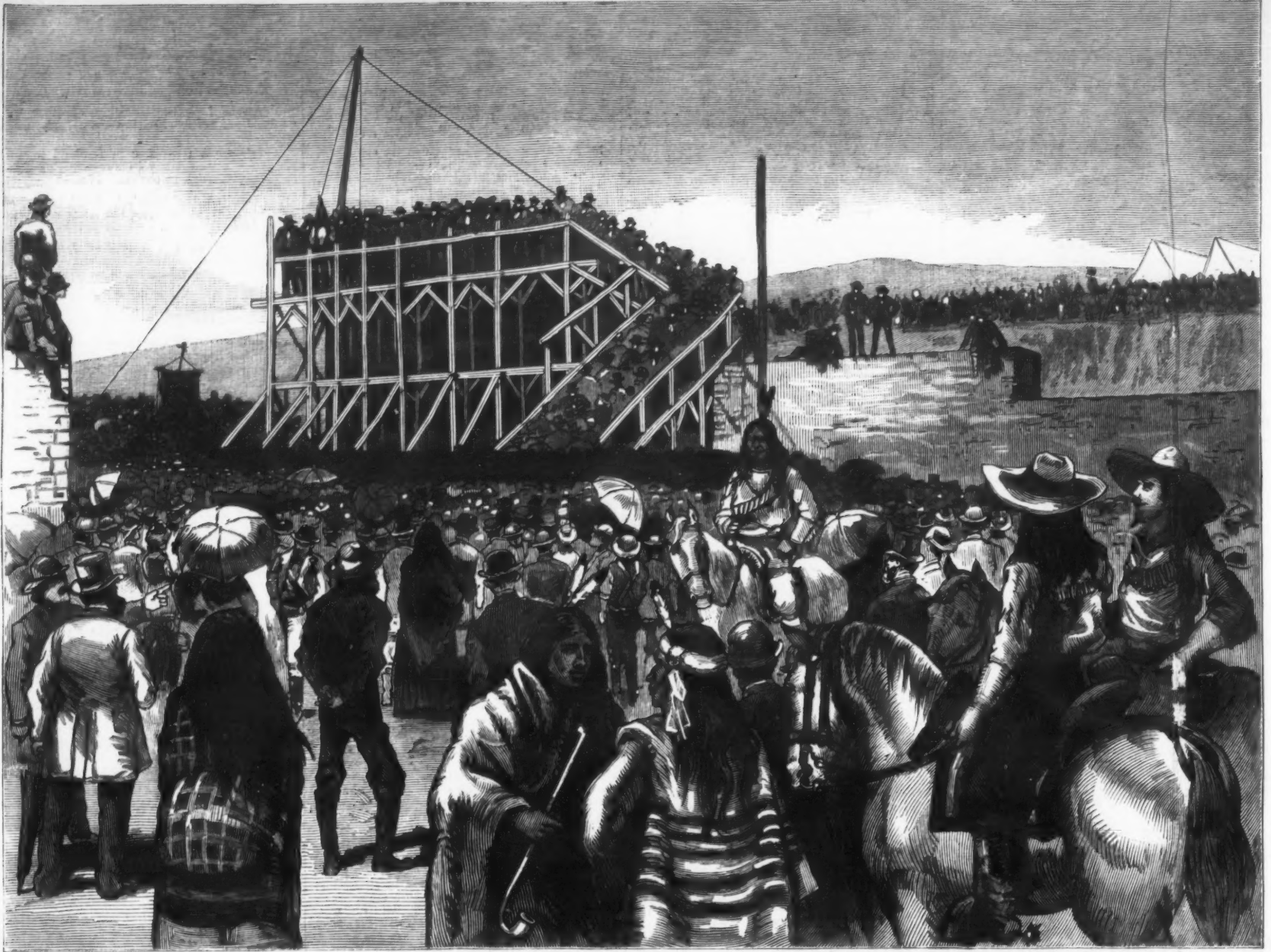
MESSES. MOODY, McGRANAHAN and WHITTLE, the evangelists, will leave this country on October 2d for Ireland, where they contemplate carrying on an active campaign in the south of the island. Notwithstanding the preponderance of Roman Catholic sentiment, they are assured a fair and reputable hearing, by reason of their being Americans.

RELATIVES of Martin Luther are being discovered in great numbers. Among the earliest found are a bookkeeper in a circulating library, a policeman and a registrar in the Ministry of Public Works, all of Berlin. They are direct descendants of the reformer's younger brother, Jacob. Some descendants of Martin Luther's youngest daughter, Margaretha, are living in Denmark and bear the name of Wagner.

At the banquet which was recently given to Mr. Irving, at Glasgow one of the guests, a clergyman, was so overcome by the presence of the great tragedian, the good fare and possibly other things, that he offered his services as honorary chaplain during Mr. Irving's American tour. The honor was, however, declined with thanks, and Mr. Irving will make his tour without the services of this questionably ambrosial divine.

QUEEN VICTORIA is at Balmoral. Her depression has returned, and she forbade the usual Highland games. She frequently drives to Grathie Kirkyard to visit Brown's grave. Tennyson is said to have obeyed her command to immortalize Brown's virtues in verse, and was made the recipient of unusual royal hospitality when he personally delivered the eulogy in Her Majesty. The Queen has intrusted the task of writing her biography to Miss Keddie, a Scotch lady, introduced by Lord Ronald Gower.

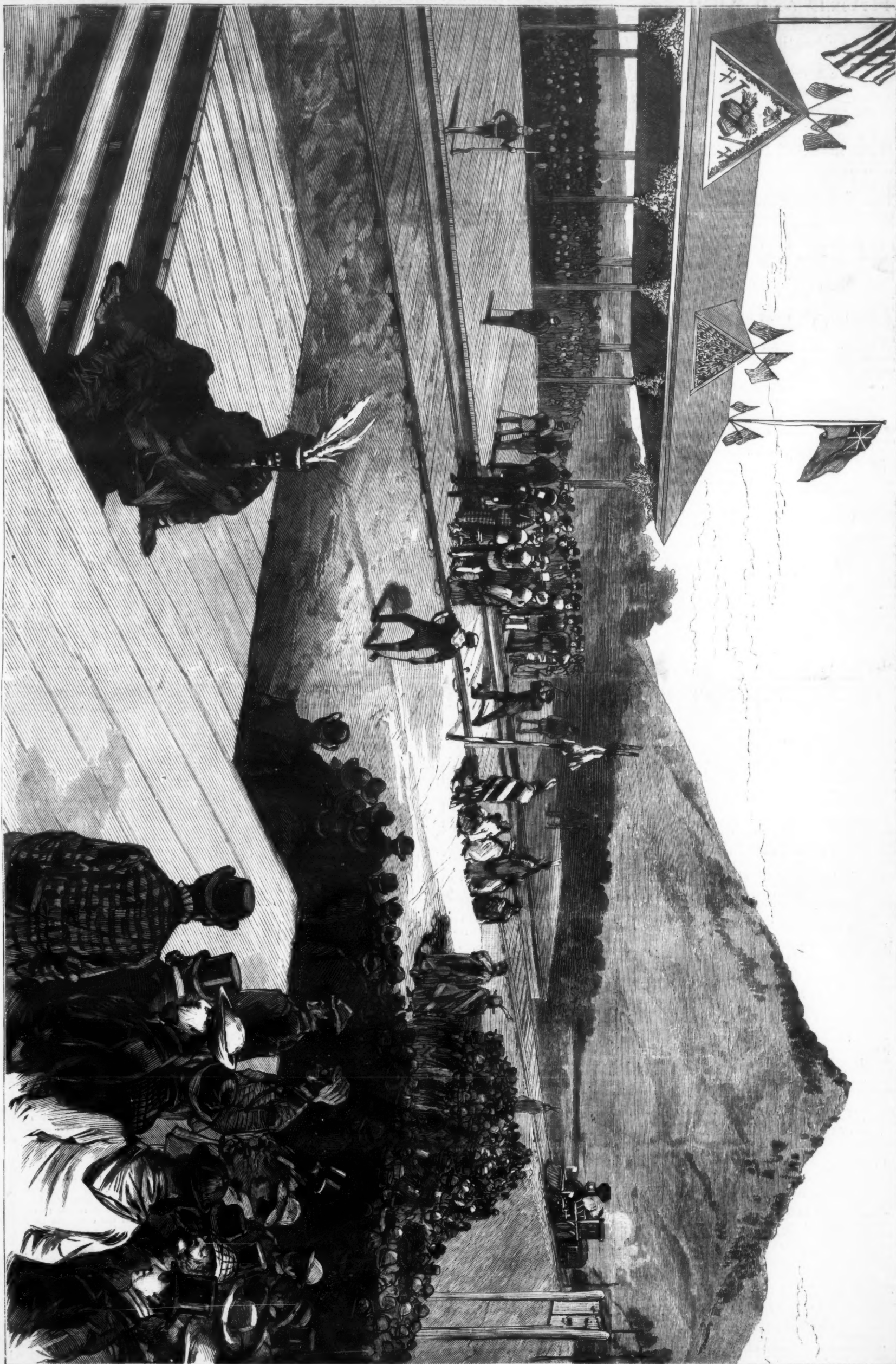
MR. GLADSTONE spent the first days of the Parliamentary recess on his estate, cutting down oak trees with a vigor and energy that discourages his enemies. He then started off on an extended cruise, with his family, Mr. Tennyson and a few other distinguished friends, on one of his friend Sir Donald Currie's new steamers. The Premier, perhaps, to refresh himself from the labors of a very annoying Parliamentary session, has recently translated Cowper's well known hymn beginning, "Hark, my soul! it is the Lord," into Italian. The translation appears in the *Nineteenth Century*.



DAKOTA.—THE LAYING OF THE CORNER-STONE OF THE NEW CAPITOL AT BISMARCK, SEPTEMBER 5TH.
FROM A SKETCH BY FARNY AND PHOTOS. BY F. J. HAYNES, FARGO, D. T.—SEE PAGE 69.



PENNSYLVANIA.—GREAT INTERNATIONAL MEETING OF SPIRITUALISTS AT NESHAMINY FALLS.
FROM A SKETCH BY SADIE L. EVANS.—SEE PAGE 70.



THE COMPLETION OF THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY.—DRIVING THE LAST SPIKE AT THE POINT OF JUNCTION OF THE EASTERN AND WESTERN SECTIONS, SIXTY MILES WEST OF HELENA, SEPT. 8TH.—FROM A SKETCH BY FAIRY.—SEE PAGE 70.

HAND AND RING.

(CONTINUED.)

By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN.

AUTHOR OF "THE LEAVENWORTH CASE," "THE SWORD OF DAMOCLES," "THE DEFENSE OF THE BRIDE," ETC., ETC.

BOOK III.

THE SCALES OF JUSTICE.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—UNDER THE GREAT TREE.

"We but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips."
—Macbeth.

IMOGENE went to her home. Confused, disordered, the prey of a thousand hopes and a thousand fears, she sought for solitude and found it within the four walls of the small room which was now her only refuge.

The two detectives who had followed her to the house—the one in the carriage, the other on foot—met, as the street-door closed upon her retreating form, and consulted together as to their future course.

"Mr. Ferris thinks we ought to keep watch over the house, to make sure she does not leave it again," announced Mr. Byrd.

"Does he? Well, then, I am the man for that job," quoth Hickory. "I was on this very same beat last night."

"Good reason why you should rest and give me a turn at the business," declared the other.

"Do you want it?"

"I am willing to take it," said Byrd.

"Well, then, after nine o'clock you shall."

"Why after nine?"

"Because if she's bent on skylarking, she'll leave the house before then," laughed the other.

"And you want to be here if she goes out?"

"Well, yes, rather."

They compromised matters by both remaining—Byrd within view of the house and Hickory on a corner within hail. Neither expected much from this effort at surveillance, there seeming to be no good reason why she should venture forth into the streets again that night. But the watchfulness of the true detective mind is unceasing, and bestows most attention where the least seems necessary.

Several hours passed. The peace of evening had come at last to the troubled town. In the streets, especially, its gentle influence was felt, and regions which had seethed all day with a restless and impatient throng were fast settling into their usual quiet and solitary condition. A new moon hung in the west, and to Mr. Byrd, pacing the walk in front of Imogene's door, it seemed as if he had never seen the town look more lovely or less like the abode of violence and crime. All was so quiet, especially in the house opposite him, that he was fast becoming convinced that further precautions were needless, and that Imogene had no intention of stirring abroad again, when the window where her light burned suddenly became dark, and he perceived the street door cautiously open, and a tall, veiled figure emerge and pass rapidly up the street. There was no mistaking who it was. The free gait and noble poise of the form proclaimed it to be Imogene Dare, and, merely stopping to give the signal to Hickory, he hastened after her with rapid but cautious steps.

She went like one bound on no uncertain errand. Though many of the walks were heavily shaded, and the light of the lamps was anything but brilliant, she speeded on from corner to corner, threading the business streets with rapidity, and emerging upon the large and handsome avenue that led up towards the eastern district of the town before Hickory could overtake Byrd, and find sufficient breath to ask:

"Where is she bound for? Who lives up this way?"

"I don't know," answered Byrd, lowering his voice in the fear of startling her into a knowledge of their presence. "It may be she is going to Miss Tremaine's; the High School is somewhere in this direction."

But even as they spoke, the gliding figure before them turned into another street, and, before they knew it, they were on the car-track leading out to Somerset Park.

"Ha! I know now," whispered Hickory. "It is Orcutt she is after." And, in his enthusiasm, pressing the arm of Byrd, Hickory speeded after her with renewed zeal, muttering cheerily to himself as he went: "Well, this is great larks!"

Byrd seeing no reason to dispute a fact that was every moment becoming more evident, hurried forward also, and after a long and breathless walk, for she seemed to be urged onward by flying feet, they found themselves within sight of the grand old trees that guarded the entrance to the lawyer's somewhat spacious grounds.

"What are we going to do now?" asked Byrd, stopping, as they heard the gate click behind her.

"Wait," said Hickory, "and watch. She has not led us this wildgoose chase for nothing." And leaping the hedge, he began creeping up towards the house, leaving his companion to follow or not, as he saw fit.

Meantime Imogene had passed up the walk and paused before the front door. But a single look at it seemed to satisfy her, for, moving hurriedly away, she flitted around the corner of the house and stopped just before the long windows whose brightly-illuminated sashes proclaimed that the master of the house was still in his library.

She seemed to feel relieved at this sight. Laying, she leaned against the frame of a trellis-work near by to gather up her courage or regain her breath before proceeding to make her presence known to the lawyer. As

she thus leaned, the peal of the church clock was heard, striking the hour of nine. She started, possibly at finding it so late, and, bending forward, looked at the windows before her with an anxious eye that soon caught sight of a small opening left by the curtains having been drawn together by a too hasty or a too careless hand, and, recognizing the opportunity it afforded for a glimpse into the room before her, stepped with a light tread upon the piazza and quietly peered within.

The sight she saw never left her memory. Seated before a deadened fire, whose drifting ashes lay about his feet, she beheld Mr. Orcutt. He was neither writing nor reading, nor, in the true sense of the word, thinking. The papers he had evidently taken from his desk lay at his side undisturbed, and from one end of the room to the other solitude, suffering and despair seemed to fill the atmosphere and weigh upon its dreary occupant, till the single lamp which shone beside him burned dimmer and dimmer, like a life going out or a purpose vanishing in the gloom of a stealthily approaching destiny.

Imogene, who had come to this place thus secretly and at this late hour of the day with the sole intent of procuring the advice of this man concerning the deception which had been practiced upon her before the trial, felt her heart die within her as she surveyed this rigid figure and realized all it implied. Though his position was such she could not see his face, there was that in his attitude which bespoke hopelessness and an utter weariness of life, and as ash after ash fell from the grate, she imagined how the gloom deepened on the brow which till this hour had confronted the world with such undeviating courage and confidence.

It was therefore a powerful shock to her when, in another moment, he looked up, and, without moving his body, turned his head slowly around in such a way as to afford her a glimpse of his face. For, in all her memory of it—and she had seen it distorted by many and various emotions during the last few weeks—she had never beheld it wear such a look as now. It gave her a new idea of the man; it filled her with dismay and sent the life-blood from her cheeks. It fascinated her, as the glimpse of any evil thing fascinates, and held her spellbound long after he had turned back again to his silent contemplation of the fire and its ever-drifting ashes. It was as if a veil had been rent before her eyes, disclosing to her a living soul writhing in secret struggle with its own worst passions; and horrified at the revelation, more than horrified at the remembrance that it was her own action of the morning which had occasioned this change in one she had long revered, if not loved, she sank helplessly upon her knees, and, pressing her face to the window, prayed for courage to sustain this new woe and latest, if not heaviest, disappointment.

It came while she was kneeling—came in the breath of the cold night wind, perhaps; for, rising up, she turned her forehead gratefully to the breeze, and drew in long draughts of it before she lifted her hand and knocked upon the window.

The sharp, shrill sound made by her fingers on the pane reassured her as much as it startled him. Gathering up her long cloak which had fallen apart in her last hurried movement, she waited with growing self-possession for his appearance at the window.

He came almost immediately—came with his usual haughty step and with much of his usual expression on his well-disciplined features. Flinging aside the curtains, he cried, impatiently: "Who is there?" But at sight of the tall figure of Imogene standing upright and firm on the piazza without, he drew back with a gesture of dismay, which was almost forbidding in its character.

She saw it, but did not pause. Pushing up the window, she stepped into the room; then, as he did not offer to help her, turned and shut the window behind her and carefully arranged the curtains. He meantime stood watching her with eyes in whose fierce light burned equal love and equal anger.

When all was completed, she faced him. Instantly a cry broke from his lips:

"You here!" he exclaimed, as if her presence were more than he could meet or stand. But in another moment the forbearance of her position seemed to strike him, and he advanced towards her, saying, in a voice husky with passion: "Wretched woman, what have you done? Was it not enough that for weeks, months now, you have played with my love and misery as with toys, that you should rise up at the last minute and crush me before the whole world with a story mad as it is false, of yourself being a criminal and the destroyer of the woman for whose death your miserable lover is being tried? Had you no consideration, no pity, if not for yourself, ruined by this day's work, for me, who have sacrificed everything, done everything the most devoted man or lawyer could do to save this fellow and win you for my wife?"

"Sir," said she, meeting the burning anger of his look with the coldness of despair, as if in the doubt awakened by his changed demeanor, she sought to probe his mind for its hidden secret. "I did what any other woman would have done in my place. When we are pushed to the wall we tell the truth."

"The truth?" Was that his laugh that rang startlingly through the room. "The truth! You told the truth? Imogene—Imogene, is any such farce necessary with me?"

Her lips, which had opened, closed again, and she did not answer for a moment; then she asked:

"How do you know that what I said was not the truth?"

"How do I know?" He paused as if to get his breath. "How do I know?" he repeated, calling up all his self-control to sustain her gaze unmoved. "Do you think I have lost my reason, Imogene, that you put to me such a question as that? How do I know you are innocent? Recall your own words and acts

since the day we met at Mrs. Clemmens's house, and tell me how it would be possible for me to think anything else of you?"

But her purpose did not relax, neither did she falter as she returned:

"Mr. Orcutt, will you tell me what has ever been said by me or what you have ever known me to do that would make it certain I did not commit this crime myself?"

His indignation was too much for his courtesy.

"Imogene," he commanded, "be silent. I will not listen to any further arguments of this sort. Isn't it enough that you have destroyed my happiness that you should seek to sport with my good sense? I say you are innocent as a babe unborn, not only of the crime itself, but of any complicity in it. Every word you have spoken, every action you have taken since the day of Mrs. Clemmens's death, proves you to be the victim of a fixed conviction totally at war with the statement you were pleased to make to-day. Only your belief in the guilt of another and your—your—"

He stopped, choked. The thought of his rival maddened him.

She immediately seized the opportunity to say:

"Mr. Orcutt, I cannot argue about what I have done. It is over and cannot be remedied. It is true I have destroyed myself, but this is no time to think of that. All I can think of or mourn over now is that, by destroying myself, I have not succeeded in saving Craik Mansell."

If her purpose was to probe the lawyer's soul for the deadly wound that had turned all his sympathies to gall, she was successful at last. Turning upon her with a look in which despair and anger were strangely mingled, he cried:

"And me, Imogene—have you no thought for me?"

"Sir," said she, "any thought from one so disgraced and lost as I am now would be an insult to one of your character and position."

It was true. In the eyes of the world Tremont Orcutt and Imogene Dare henceforth stood as far apart as the poles. Realizing it only too well, he uttered a half-inarticulate exclamation, and trod restlessly to the other end of the room. When he came back, it was with more of the lawyer's aspect and less of the baffled lover's.

"Imogene," he said, "what could have induced you to resort to an expedient so dreadful? Had you lost confidence in me? Had I not told you I would save this man from his threatened fate?"

"You cannot do everything," she replied. "There are limits even to a power like yours. I knew that Craik was lost if I gave to the Court the testimony which Mr. Ferris expected from me."

"Ah, then," he cried, seizing with his usual quickness at the admission she had, perhaps, unconsciously made, "you acknowledge you uttered a perjury to save yourself from making declarations you believed to be hurtful to the prisoner?"

A faint smile crossed her lips, and her whole aspect suddenly changed.

"Yes," she said; "I have no motive for hiding it from you now. I perjured myself to escape destroying Craik Mansell. I was scarcely the mistress of my own actions. I had suffered so much I was ready to do anything to save the man I had so relentlessly pushed to his doom. I forgot that God does not prosper a lie."

The jealous gleam which answered her from the lawyer's eyes was a revelation.

"You regret, then," he said, "that you tossed my happiness away with a breath of your perjured lips?"

"I regret I did not tell the truth and trust God."

At this answer, uttered with the simplicity of a penitent spirit, Mr. Orcutt unconsciously drew back.

"And, may I ask, what has caused this sudden regret?" he inquired, in a tone not far removed from mockery: "the generous action of the prisoner in relieving you from your self-imposed burden of guilt by an acknowledgment that struck at the foundation of the defense I had so carefully prepared?"

"No," was her short reply; "that could but afford me joy. Whatever sin he may be guilty of, he is at least free from the reproach of accepting deliverance at the expense of a woman. The reasons for my regret are other than that. I am sorry I said what I did to-day, because a revelation has since been made to me, which proves I could never have sustained myself in the position I took, and that it was mere suicidal folly in me to attempt to save Craik Mansell by such means."

"A revelation?"

"Yes." And, forgetting all else in the purpose which had actuated her in seeking this interview, Imogene drew nearer to the lawyer and earnestly said: "There have been some persons—I have perceived it—who have wondered at my deep conviction of Craik Mansell's guilt. Alas, the reasons I had justified it. They were great, greater than any one knew, greater even than you knew. His mother—were she living—must have thought as I did, had she been placed beside me and seen what I have seen, and heard what I have heard from the time of Mrs. Clemmens's death. Not only were all the facts brought against him in the trial known to me, but I saw him—saw him with my own eyes, running from Mrs. Clemmens's dining-room door at the very time we suppose the murder to have been committed; that is, at five minutes before noon on the fatal day."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Mr. Orcutt, in his astonishment. "You are playing with my credulity, Imogene."

But she went on, letting her voice fall in awe of the lawyer's startled look.

"No," she persisted, "I was in Professor Darling's observatory. I was looking through a telescope, which had been pointed towards the town. Mrs. Clemmens was much in my

mind at the time, and I took the notion to glance at her house when I saw what I have said. I could not help remembering the time," she added, "for I had looked at the clock but a moment before."

"And it was five minutes before noon?" broke again from the lawyer's lips, in what was almost an awe-struck tone.

Troubled at an astonishment which seemed to partake of the nature of alarm, she silently bowed her head.

"And you were looking at him—actually looking at him—that very moment through a telescope perched a mile or so away?"

"Yes," she bowed again.

Turning his face aside, Mr. Orcutt walked to the hearth and began kicking the burnt out logs with his restless foot. As he stood still Imogene heard him mutter between his set teeth:

"It is almost enough to make one believe in a God!"

Struck, horrified, she glided anxiously to his side.

"Do not you believe in a God?" she asked. He was silent.

Amazed, almost frightened, for she had never heard him breathe a word of skepticism before—though, to be sure, he had never mentioned the name of the Deity in her presence—she stood looking at him like one who had received a blow; then she said:

"I believe in God. It is my punishment that I do. It is He who wills blood for blood, who dooms the guilty to a merited death. Oh, if He only would accept the sacrifice I so willingly offer!—take the life I so little value, and give me in return—"

"Mansell's?" completed the lawyer, turning upon her in a burst of fury he no longer had power to suppress. "Is that your cry—always and for ever your cry? You drive me too far, Imogene. This mad and senseless passion for a man who no longer loves you—"

"Spare me!" rose from her trembling lips.

"Let me forget that."

But the great lawyer only laughed.

"You make it worth my while to save you the bitterness of such a remembrance," he cried. Then, as she remained silent, he changed his tone to one of careless inquiry, and asked:

"Was it to tell this story of the prisoner having fled from his aunt's house that you came here to-night?"

Recalled to the purpose of the hour, she answered, hurriedly:

"Not entirely; that story was what Mr. Ferris expected me to testify to in court this morning. You see for yourself in what a position it would have put the prisoner."

"And the revelation you have received?" the lawyer coldly urged.

"Was of a deception that has been practiced upon me—a base deception by which I was led to think long ago that Craik Mansell had admitted his guilt and only trusted to the excellence of his defense to escape punishment."

"I do not understand," said Mr. Orcutt. "Who could have practiced such deception upon you?"

"The detectives," she murmured; "that rough, heartless fellow they call Hickory." And, in a burst of indignation, she told how she had been practiced upon and what the results had been upon her belief, if not upon the testimony which grew out of that belief.

The lawyer listened with a strange apathy. What would once have aroused his fiercest indignation and fired him to an exertion of his keenest powers, fell on him now like the tedious repetition of an old and worn out tale. He scarcely looked up when she was done; and despair—the first, perhaps, she had ever really felt—began to close in around her as she saw how deep a gulf she had dug between this man and herself by the inconsiderate act which had robbed him of all hope of ever making her his wife. Moved by this feeling, she suddenly asked:

"Have you lost all interest in your client, Mr. Orcutt? Have you no wish or hope remaining of seeing him acquitted of this crime?"

"My client," responded the lawyer, with bitter emphasis, "has taken his case into his own hands. It would be presumptuous in me to attempt anything further in his favor."

"Mr. Orcutt?"

"Ah!" he scornfully laughed, with a quick yielding to his passion as startling as it was unexpected, "you thought you could play with me as you would; use my skill and ignore the love that prompted it. You are a clever woman, Imogene, but you went too far when you considered my forbearance unlimited."

"And you forsake Craik Mansell," she repeated, "in the hour of his extremity?"

"Craik Mansell has forsaken me."

This was true; for her sake her lover had thrown his defense to the winds and rendered the assistance of his counsel unavailable. Seeing her droop her head abashed, Mr. Orcutt dryly proceeded:

"I do not know what may take place in court to-morrow," said he. "It is difficult to determine what will be the outcome of so complicated a case. The District-attorney, in consideration of the deception which has been practiced upon you, may refuse to prosecute any further; or, if the case goes on and the jury is called upon for a verdict, they may or may not be moved by its peculiar aspects to acquit a man of such generous dispositions. If they are, I shall do nothing to hinder an acquittal; but ask for no more active measures on my part. I cannot plead for the lover of the woman who has disgraced me."

This decision, from one she had trusted so implicitly, seemed to crush her.

"Ah," she murmured, "if you did not believe him guilty you would not leave him thus in the lurch."

He gave her a short, side-long glance, half-mocking, half-pitiful.

"If," she pursued, "you had felt even a passing gleam of doubt such as came to me when I discovered that he had never really

admitted his guilt, you would let no mere mistake on the part of a woman turn you from your duty as counselor for a man on trial for his life."

His glance lost its pity and became wholly mocking.

"And do you cherish but passing gleams?" he sarcastically asked.

She started back.

"I laugh at the inconsistency of woman," he cried. "You have sacrificed everything, even risked your life for a man you really believe guilty of crime; yet if another man similarly stained asked you for your compassion only, you would fly from him as from a pestilence."

But no words he could utter of this sort were able to raise any emotion in her now.

"Mr. Orcutt," she demanded, "do you believe Craik Mansell innocent?"

His old mocking smile came back.

"Have I conducted his case as if I believed him guilty?" he asked.

"No, no; but you are his lawyer; you are bound not to let your real thoughts appear. But in your secret heart you did not, could not, believe he was free from a crime to which he is linked by so many criminating circumstances?"

But his strange smile remaining unchanged, she seemed to waken to a sudden doubt, and leaping impetuously to his side, laid her hand on his arm and exclaimed:

"Oh, sir, if you have ever cherished one hope of his innocence, no matter how faint or small, tell me of it, even if this last disclosure has convinced you of its folly."

Giving her an icy look, he drew his arm slowly from her grasp and replied:

"Mr. Mansell has never been considered guilty by me."

"Never?"

"Never."

"Not even now?"

"Not even now."

It seemed as if she could not believe his words.

"And yet you know all there is against him; all that I do now."

"I know he visited his aunt's house at or after the time she was murdered, but that is no proof he killed her, Miss Dare."

"No," she admitted with slow conviction, "no. But why did he fly in that wild way when he left it. Why did he go straight to Buffalo and not wait to give me the interview he promised?"

"Shall I tell you?" Mr. Orcutt inquired, with a dangerous sneer on his lips. "Do you wish to know why this man—the man you have so loved—the man for whom you would die this moment, has conducted himself with such marked discretion?"

"Yes," came like a breath from between Imogene's parted lips.

"Well," said the lawyer, dropping his words with cruel clearness, "Mr. Mansell has a great faith in women. He has such faith in you, Imogene Dare, he thinks you are all you declare yourself to be; that in the hour you stood up before the court and called yourself a murderer, you spoke but the truth; that—"

He stopped, even his scornful *aplomb* would not allow him to go on in the face of the look she wore.

"Say—say those words again," she gasped. "Let me hear them once more. He thinks what?"

"That you are what you proclaimed yourself to be this day, the actual assailant and murderer of Mrs. Clemmens. He has thought so all along, Miss Dare, why, I do not know. Whether he saw anything or heard anything in that house from which you saw him fly so abruptly, or whether he relied solely upon the testimony of the ring, which you must remember he never acknowledged having received back from you, I only know that from the minute he heard of his aunt's death, his suspicions flew to you, and that, in despite of such suggestions as I felt it judicious to make, they have never suffered shock or been turned from their course from that day to this. Such honor," concluded Mr. Orcutt, with dry sarcasm, "does the man you love show to the woman who has sacrificed for his sake all the world holds dear."

"I—I cannot believe it. You are mocking me," came inarticulately from her lips, while she drew back, step by step, till half the room lay between them.

"Mocking you? Miss Dare, he has shown his feelings so palpably, I have often trembled lest the whole court should see and understand them."

"You have trembled?"—she could scarcely speak, the rush of her emotion was so great—"you have trembled lest the whole court should see he suspected me of this crime?"

"Yes."

"Then," she cried, "you must have felt—Ah!" she hurriedly interposed, with a sudden look of distrust, "you are not amusing yourself with me, are you, Mr. Orcutt? So many traps have been laid for me from time to time, I dare not trust the truth of my best friend. Swear you believe Craik Mansell to have thought this of me! Swear you have seen this dark thing lying in his soul, or I—"

"What?"

"Will confront him myself with the question if I have to tear down the walls of the prison to reach him. His mind I must and will know."

"Very well, then, you do. I have told you," declared Mr. Orcutt. "Swearing would not make it any more true."

Lifting her face to heaven, she suddenly fell on her knees.

"Oh, God!" she murmured, "oh, God! help me to bear this great joy!"

"Joy?"

The icy tone, the fierce surprise it expressed, started her at once to her feet.

"Yes," she murmured, "joy. Don't you see that if he thinks me guilty, he must be innocent? I am willing to perish and fall from the ranks of good men and honorable women to be sure of a fact like this!"

"Imogene, Imogene, would you drive me mad?"

She did not seem to hear.

"Craik, Craik, Craik," she was saying, "are you guiltless, then? Is the past all a dream? Are we two nothing but victims of dread and awful circumstances? Oh, we will see, we will see; life is not ended yet!" And with a burst of hope that seemed to transfigure her into another woman, she turned towards the lawyer with the cry: "If he is innocent, he can be saved. Nothing that has been done by him or me can hurt him if this be so. God who watches over this crime has His eye on the guilty one. Though his sin be hidden under a mountain of deceit, it will yet come forth. Guilt like his cannot remain hidden."

"You did not think this when you faced the court this morning with perjury on your lips," came in slow, ironical tones from her companion.

"God sometimes accepts a sacrifice," she returned. "But who will sacrifice himself for a man who could let the trial of one he knew to be innocent go on unhindered?"

"Who, indeed?" came in almost stifled tones from the lawyer's lips.

"If a stranger and not Craik Mansell slew Mrs. Clemmens," she went on, "and nothing but an incomprehensible train of coincidences unites him and me to this act of violence, then may God remember the words of the widow, and in His almighty power call down such a doom—"

She ended with a gasp. Mr. Orcutt, with a sudden movement, had laid his hand upon her lips.

"Hush!" he said; "let no curses issue from your mouth. The guilty can perish without that."

Releasing herself from him in alarm, she drew back, her eyes slowly dilating as she noted the dead whiteness that had settled over his face, and taken even the hue of life from his nervously trembling lips.

"Mr. Orcutt," she whispered, with a solemnity which made them heedless that the lamp which had been burning lower and lower in its socket during all this rush of talk was giving out its last fitful rays, "if Craik Mansell did not kill the Widow Clemmens, who then did?"

Her question, or was it her look and tone, seemed to transfix Mr. Orcutt. But it was only for a moment. Turning with a slight gesture to the table at his side, he fumbled with his papers, still oblivious of the flaring lamp, saying, slowly:

"I have always supposed Gouverneur Hildreth to be the true author of this crime."

"Gouverneur Hildreth?"

Mr. Orcutt bowed.

"I do not agree with you," she murmured, moving slowly towards the window. "I am no reader of human hearts, as all my past history shows, but something—is it the voice of God in my breast?—tells me that Gouverneur Hildreth is as innocent as Craik Mansell, and that the true murderer of Mrs. Clemmens—"

Her words ended in a sudden shriek. The light, which for so long a time had been flickering to its end, had given one startling flare, in which the face of the man before her had flashed on her view in a ghastly flame that seemed to separate it from all surrounding objects, then as suddenly gone out, leaving the room in total darkness.

In the silence that followed, a quick sound as of rushing feet was heard; then the window was pushed up, and the night air came shrilling in. Imogene had fled.

Horace Byrd had not followed Hickory in his rush towards the house. He had preferred to await results under the great tree which, standing just inside the gate, cast its mysterious and far reaching shadow widely over the wintry lawn. He was, therefore, alone during most of the interview which Miss Dare held with Mr. Orcutt in the library, and, being alone, felt himself a prey to his sensations and the weirdness of the situation in which he found himself.

Though no longer a victim to the passion with which Miss Dare had at first inspired him, he was by no means without feeling for this grand if somewhat misguided woman, and his emotions, as he stood there awaiting the issue of her last desperate attempt to aid the prisoner, were strong enough to make any solitude welcome, though this solitude for some reason held an influence which was anything but enlivening, if it was not actually depressing, to one of his ready sensibilities.

The tree under which he had taken his stand was, as I have intimated, an old one. It had stood there from time immemorial, and was, as I have heard it since said, at once the pride of Mr. Orcutt's heart and the chief and noblest ornament of his grounds. Though devoid of foliage at the time, its vast and symmetrical canopy of interlacing branches had caught Mr. Byrd's attention from the first moment of his entrance beneath it, and, preoccupied as he was, he could not prevent his thoughts from reverting now and then with a curious sensation of awe to the immensity of those great limbs which branched above him.

His imagination was so powerfully affected at last, he had a notion of leaving the spot and seeking a nearer lookout in the belt of evergreens that hid the crouching form of Hickory, but a spell seemed to emanate from the huge trunk against which he leaned that restrained him when he sought to go, and noticing almost at the same moment that the path which Miss Dare would have to take in her departure ran directly under this tree, he yielded to the apathy of the moment and remained where he was.

Soon after he was visited by Hickory.

"I can see nothing and hear nothing," was that individual's hurried salutation. "She and Mr. Orcutt are evidently still in the library, but I cannot get a clew to what is going on. I shall keep up my watch, however, for I want to catch a glimpse of her face as she steps from the window."

And he was off again before Byrd could reply.

But the next instant he was back, panting and breathless.

"The light is out in the library," he cried; "we shall see her no more to-night."

But scarcely had the word left his lips when a faint sound was heard from the region of the piazza, and, looking eagerly up the path, they saw the form of Miss Dare flying hurriedly towards them.

To slip around into the deepest shadow cast by the tree was but the work of a moment. Meantime, the moon shone brightly on the walk down which she was speeding, and as, in the agitation of her departure, she had forgotten to draw down her veil, they succeeded in obtaining a view of her face. It was pale and wore an expression of fear, while her feet flew as though she were only filled with thoughts of escape.

Seeing this, the two detectives held their breaths, preparing to follow her as soon as she had passed the tree. But she did not pass the tree. Just as she got within reach of its shadow a commanding voice was heard calling upon her to stop, and Mr. Orcutt came hurrying, in his turn, down the path.

"I cannot let you go thus," he cried, pausing beside her on the walk directly under the tree. "If you command me to save Craik Mansell I must do it. What you wish must be done, Imogene."

"My wishes should not be needed to lead you to do your duty by the man you believe to be innocent of the charge for which they are trying him," was her earnest but strangely cold reply.

"Perhaps not," he muttered, bitterly: "but—ah, Imogene," he suddenly broke forth, in a way to startle these two detectives who, however suspicious they had been of his passion, had never before had the opportunity of seeing him under its control, "what have you made of me with your bewildering graces and indomitable soul? Before I knew you, life was a round of honorable duties and serene pleasures. I lived in my profession, and found my greatest delight in its exercise. But now—"

"What now?" she asked.

"I seem"—he said, and the hard, cold selfishness that underlay all his actions, however generous they may have been in appearance, was apparent in his words and tones—"I seem to forget everything, even my standing and fame as a lawyer, in the one fear that, although lost to me, you will yet live to give yourself to another."

"If you fear that I shall ever be so weak as to give myself to Craik Mansell," was her steady reply, "you have only to recall the promise I made you when you undertook his case."

"Yes," said he, "but that was when you yourself believed him guilty."

"I know," she returned; "but if he were not good enough for me then, I am not good enough for him now. Do you forget that I am blotted with a stain that can never be effaced? When I stood up in court to day and denounced myself as guilty of crime, I signed away all my chances of future happiness."

There was a pause; Mr. Orcutt seemed to be thinking. From the position occupied by the two detectives his shadow could be seen oscillating to and fro on the lawn; then, amid the hush of night—a deathly hush—undisturbed, as Mr. Byrd afterwards remarked, by so much as the cracking of a twig, his voice rose quiet, yet vaguely sinister, in the words:

"You have conquered. If any man suffers for this crime it shall not be Craik Mansell, but—"

The sentence was never finished. Before the words could leave his mouth a sudden strange and splitting sound was heard above their heads; then a terrifying rush took place, and the two detectives crouched alone and breathless, gazing at a great limb that lay upon the walk where but a moment before the beautiful form of Imogene Dare lifted itself by the side of the eminent lawyer.

When a full sense of the terrible nature of the calamity which had just occurred swept across the minds of the benumbed detectives, Mr. Byrd, recalling the words and attitude of Imogene in face of a similar, if less fatal, catastrophe at the hut, exclaimed under his breath:

"It is the vengeance of Heaven! Imogene Dare must have been more guilty than we believed."

But when, after a superhuman exertion of strength, and the assistance of many hands, the limb was at length raised, it was found that, although both had been prostrated by its weight, only one remained stretched and senseless upon the ground, and that was not Imogene Dare, but the great lawyer, Mr. Orcutt.

(To be continued.)

Great Britain's Postal Service.

THE annual report of Mr. Fawcett, Postmaster-general of Great Britain and Ireland, shows that in the year ending March 31st, 1893, 1,280,636,290 letters and 144,016,200 post-cards were delivered in the United Kingdom. The number of telegraph messages sent in the United Kingdom during the year was 32,092,026. Mr. Fawcett says that it has been decided that as soon as the necessary increase of plant can be made, the minimum charge for inland telegrams will be reduced from 1s. to 6d. Nine companies to whom licenses have been granted for the establishment of telephone exchanges have forty-seven exchanges in operation.

THE City of Savannah, Ga., has a special income-tax law, all annual incomes above \$800 being taxed to support the City Government.

EX-GOVERNOR STANFORD, of California, recently bought 12,000 acres adjoining his big vineyard at Vina, in that State. This gives him one great ranch of over 25,000 acres, about a quarter of which is planted with vines. The Governor intends to plant it all with the best wine-producing and raisin grapes.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—DEATHS are dying in large numbers in Virginia of a disease called black tongue.

—AN envoy of the Shah of Persia is on his way to Kabul, Afghanistan. This is contrary to the engagement which the Shah entered into with the Indian Government.

—NUMEROUS attacks of cholera still occur at Alexandria, but the average daily death-rate is reduced to four. The mortality in the provinces is also rapidly diminishing.

—DABULMANZI, brother of Cetewayo, who was reported to have been killed in the rebellion in Zululand in the latter part of July, is safe, and has arrived at Greytown, Natal.

—THE continued spread of the cattle disease in nearly every portion of England causes the greatest uneasiness. In some sections of England only American beef is now to be obtained.

—THE number of patents issued during the first quarter of the present fiscal year was 5,440, as against 4,851 for the corresponding quarter last year, an increase of over ten per cent.

—A POSTAL money-order convention between the United States and the Hawaiian Islands was signed by Postmaster-general Gresham and the Hawaiian Minister last week, to go into effect on January 1st.

—THE old Horace Greeley farm at Chappaqua, N. Y., on which the editor spent some \$70,000, was sold at auction a few days ago, in order to settle up the estate, and was bought in by his daughter Gabrielle for \$10,000, none of the other would-be purchasers caring to bid against her.

—A SYNDICATE of capitalists has purchased a large tract of land immediately surrounding the great Shoshone Falls, of Snake River, Idaho. The falls are surrounded by some of the grandest scenery in the world. The syndicate will build a mammoth hotel, put a steamer on the river, and endeavor to make it the Niagara of the West.

—RUSSIAN petroleum producers have devised a little trick resembling that of the dealers in American wines who buy up all the empty claret bottles that bear popular labels. Cans and cases in which American oil was sent from here are bought, filled with a poorer oil and sold in Asia Minor and further west as the refined product of American wells.

—CHICAGO appears to be really in earnest in its effort to suppress the smoke nuisance, and a railroad company was fined \$250 the other day on the evidence that five of its switching engines were seen emitting dense clouds of smoke. The crusade of the city officials is particularly directed against the railway companies and the owners of the river tug.

—THE Argentine Consul in London, on behalf of his Government, has presented General Osborn with a magnificent souvenir of the mediation of the United States between the Argentine and Chilean Republics on frontier limitation. It consists of a gold and silver shield designed by Gustave Doré, representing the two republics, reconciled under the wings of the United States.

—THE first telegraph line ever operated in Siam was opened by formal order, on July 16th, from Bangkok to Saigon. The western line from Bangkok to Calcutta via Tarry, was to be opened in a few days, and a contract had been made for a line from Bangkok to Singapore. The opening of the telegraph lines is to be followed by the establishment of a regular postal system in Siam.

—M. LOURDELLET, Vice-President of the French National Union of Commerce and Industry, is coming to New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, St. Louis and Chicago to study American manufactures and report whether improved methods may not be borrowed by France with a view to the counteraction of the formidable competition of American with French products throughout the world.

—THE burial of the murdered informer Carey in South Africa was a dismal scene. Poor Mrs. Carey and three children followed the body to the grave, the surgeon and a magistrate were there, and a few negroes looked on. No minister was there, although Carey was an excessively devout son of the Church, and one of his grievances in Kilmalnam Jail was his being debarred from his daily Mass. However, the surgeon, Dr. Ennor, offered a short prayer.

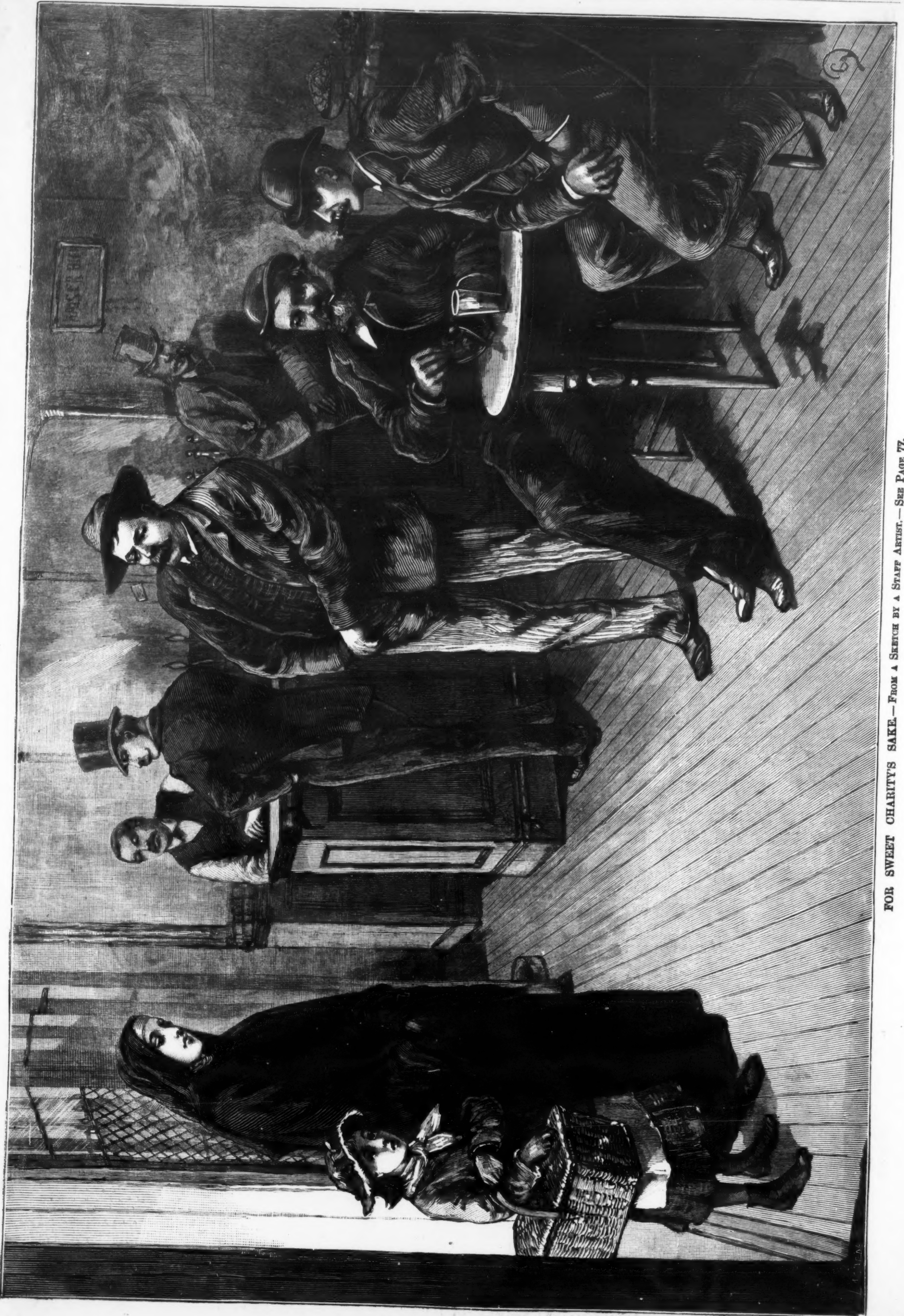
—JERSEY justice has again shown its superiority in the matter of time. A man at a racecourse used brass knuckles in a fight which he had contrived to get up. Within twenty-four hours he was arrested, locked up, taken to court, tried, sentenced, shaved, scoured, clipped, given a new suit of clothes—in short, he had made the grand tour of station-house, court-room and prison, and had learned something about making shoes or other useful little articles for the State.

—THE Senate Committee to consult with the Sioux Indians relative to the proposed opening of the Sioux Reservation to settlement has returned, after an unsuccessful trip. They found that certain white men had advised the Indians to hold fast to their reservation, as by so doing they could force the Government to pay them a larger price than now proposed, and the chiefs were consequently very non-committal on all subjects about which the committee were empowered to talk with them.

—THE official statement of the cotton crop of the United States for the year ending August 31st, 1893, issued by the National Cotton Exchange, shows a total crop of 6,949,756 bales, including receipts at shipping ports of 6,009,612 bales, and shipments by rail routes overland to Northern spinners direct from producers of 641,801 bales. The report shows that the Southern mills consumed 313,393 bales, an increase over last season of 26,439 bales. The increase in the total crop compared with the previous year was 1,493,708 bales.

—A BATCH of 600 Swedish, Swiss and German proselytes to Mormonism arrived at this port on the 9th instant. A large proportion of the people came in families. There were some single women and men, but the sexes were very evenly divided. Some of the people were converts to the Mormon faith fully thirty years ago, and have been waiting ever since for an opportunity to emigrate to Utah. Nearly all of the members of families had been reared as farm laborers, but the single men as a rule were mechanics. All paid their own expenses from Europe, and none of them will require assistance when they reach Utah.

—THE remnant of the Association of Defenders of Baltimore in 1812 14 attended service at one of the city churches on September 9th. For many years it has been the custom of the association to assemble at the City Hall on the Sunday preceding the battle of North Point, and after marching around the battle monument to proceed to church, but this was omitted because of the infirmities of the members, and they were taken to the church from their homes in carriages, under the escort of Wilson Post, Grand Army of the Republic. There were only six, of whom the youngest was eighty-six years of age and the oldest ninety-six. Only two others survive, and they were too infirm to get out.



FOR SWEET CHARITY'S SAKE.—FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 77.

THE LATE HUGH J. HASTINGS.

HUGH J. HASTINGS, editor and proprietor of the *New York Commercial Advertiser*, died at his summer residence, Monmouth Beach, N. J., on September 12th, of paralysis of the heart, which was the result of injuries received by being thrown from his carriage at Long Branch nine days before. He was badly hurt at the time, but after a few days he began to rally, and his recovery was hoped for. Pneumonia afterwards set in, but the physicians hoped to check it, when, at seven o'clock Wednesday evening, after partaking of some stimulant, he suddenly expired without a word. He was



NEW YORK CITY.—THE LATE HUGH J. HASTINGS, VETERAN JOURNALIST.
FROM A PHOTO. BY PACH.

conscious to the last, and received his friends almost up to the time of his death. He had never before been sick in his life.

Mr. Hastings was born in the North of Ireland, August 20th, 1820, and came to this country, when eight years old, with his mother, brothers and sister, his father having preceded them. The family settled in Albany. There were eight children, Hugh being next to the eldest. He began work at an early age, and helped support his parents and the younger children, his first labors being as an errand boy in a drygoods store in this city. He was a great reader, and early developed a taste for newspaper work. In 1840 he became a reporter on the *Albany Atlas*, and made quite a hit by the crisp, lively manner in which he wrote up local items. He was ambitious to have a paper of his own, and, in 1845, with a capital of only \$7.50, he founded the *Albany Knickerbocker*, a daily paper, which proved a success almost from the start, and grew in time to be a very valuable property. Mr. Hastings early developed a great fondness for politics. He was for "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too," before he was able to vote. He admired Clay, and was a great friend of General Taylor, who, when he became President, made Mr. Hastings Collector of the Port of Albany—a position which he resigned when President Fillmore assumed office. He attended political conventions, State and National, from the time when he cast his maiden vote, for about two-score years. In 1852, when he was a delegate to the National Whig Convention, he was persistent in his opposition to Fillmore, and did what he could to make General Scott the candidate of the party. When the Republican Party was formed Mr. Hastings became an adherent of it, and he continued in its ranks up to the time of his death.

In 1867, Mr. Hastings came to New York and took the management of the *Commercial Advertiser*. Thurlow Weed was editor of the paper at the time, but soon retired, and then Mr. Hastings obtained a controlling interest in the journal. He made a decided change in the appearance of the sheet, putting into it much of the life and energy which was within him. His individuality, as set forth in its columns, soon made it powerful and profitable. The paper grew and thrived. Its circulation and advertising increased, and its facilities for the gathering and presentation of news were made to keep pace with the other evidences of advancement. All along great attention was given to political matters, and it was always radical and aggressive.

Personally, Mr. Hastings was a bluff, hearty man, overflowing with good humor and kindly feeling. His geniality gained him scores of friends, even among those whom he, in his capacity as a journalist, felt called upon to criticize severely. He was a good host, and liked society, and was never seen to better advantage than when dispensing his hospitality, as he often did, to his numerous friends. His conspicuous trait was his loyalty to his friends. He was a Roman Catholic, and a generous contributor to all the charities of the Church. He leaves a wife and two daughters, and his death will be mourned by a large circle of personal friends and admirers in all parts of the country. His funeral was attended by the President and other prominent men.

FOR SWEET CHARITY'S SAKE.

HERE indeed is a charming picture, and one that may be seen on any and every day within the walls of Gotham. A liquor saloon filled with men who are not used to the "graciousness of pure womanhood." Some of these men have drunk deeply, and have descended to the dreary level of bestiality. Their talk is coarse and brutal; their jokes ribald and unsavory; the name of woman is spoken in byword. Suddenly appears a dark shadow in the doorway, that of a woman, accompanied by a little child. It is not such a woman as these men have been jesting about! No. It is a Sister of Mercy, attired in the garb of a nun, who comes to ask for dole for sweet Charity's sake. There she stands a very embodiment of grace and goodness and purity, white-souled as the tiny maid by her side, type of the little children He calls unto Himself. In an instant the foul jesting ceases. Maudlin voices become hushed, and, as these men gaze at the gracious apparition, the Angel of Charity whispers to their hearts, and each one searches for a coin in order to render aid in so hallowed a cause. It is that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin.

SITTING BULL.

SITTING BULL is probably the most notorious Indian in the United States. He is now held in honorable confinement at Standing Rock Agency, Dakota, with about 7,000 other Sioux. He lives under an amnesty for all past offenses, conditional upon good behavior. He is suspicious, crafty and dangerous. He is now about sixty years old, and his lazy life at the agency has made him fat. He is very fearful of some plot to spirit him away, in violation of his amnesty, and it was with great difficulty that the Indian Agent at Standing Rock induced him to go to Bismarck to attend the ceremonies at the laying of the corner-stone of the Capitol. A correspondent of the *New York Sun* draws this picture of the savage:

"He watched the ceremony over the corner-stone with suspicious interest. To the speech of Governor Ordway and the response of Mr. Villard he paid not the slightest attention. The music of the most remarkable brass band east or west of the Missouri stirred him a little. A miniature cowboy showed him a woodcut likeness of himself in a Bismarck newspaper, and he nodded and almost grinned. The appearance of General Grant failed to interest him, but he surveyed with evident admiration the Chief Marshal of the Bismarck Fire Department, who wore a red flannel shirt trimmed with gold fringe two inches long.

"Through Major McLoughlin, the Indian Agent, he was asked what he thought of Bismarck, the first city he ever saw. Sitting Bull grunted a few words, at the same time spreading his hands far apart, and then bringing his forefingers together thus V.

"The spread of the hands meant in the sign language big; the inverted V with the forefingers meant tipi, or wigwam. What Sitting Bull said was that Bismarck was a big tipi. He went on to explain that he had visited the place years ago, when his grandmother was alive, and that it was then called Place where-apples-grow.

"What do you think of the ceremony?" asked McLoughlin.

"Big medicine," said Sitting Bull.

"A little later the fallen chief of the Sioux was exhibiting his progress in civilization by selling his autograph to the British aristocracy at the uniform rate of one dollar and a half for each signature."



DAKOTA.—SITTING BULL, THE SIOUX CHIEF, AS HE APPEARED AT THE RECENT CAPITOL-CELEBRATION IN BISMARCK.
FROM A PHOTO. BY GOFF.

THE WORK OF VANDALS.

AN act of vandalism which has aroused the indignation of all England has just come to light. In Warwick Castle, as all travelers will remember, after the Warwick vase the chief object of interest and value is the famous bejeweled table. This splendid work of art, besides its rare carvings, is studded with rare and costly old jewels, whose intrinsic value alone amounts to several thousand pounds. This table is supposed to be never left unguarded during the hours when visitors are allowed through the ancient demesne, and is watched with jealous care at all times. The other day, to the intense indignation and disgust of the keepers, it was discovered that the precious relic had been subjected to the depredations of either thieves or vandals. The table was literally ruined, the more valuable of the carvings had been pried or chipped off, the body of the article was all split and broken, and a great number of the jewels gone. All the fragments but the merest splinters had been carried away. A thorough investigation was made, and it was ascertained that a party of Americans had been inspecting the table a short time before the discovery of the outrage. The Americans were

animals, in one solid body, reaching back from the river as far as the eye could distinguish objects. But now a buffalo is a strange sight there.

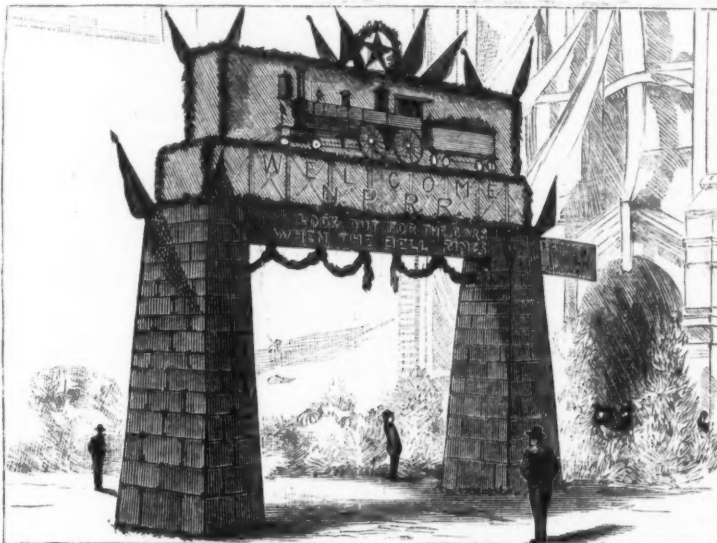
HEAVY LIFE INSURANCE POLICIES.

THE British Life Insurance Companies recently paid, within the space of one year, the enormous sum of \$6,250,000 on policies on the lives of three heavily insured noblemen—viz., the Duke of Newcastle, the Marquis of Anglesea, and the Earl of Fife. Shortly afterwards the same companies paid \$1,250,000 insurance on the lives of two noblemen making an aggregate sum of \$7,500,000 insurance, paid on five lives. About fifteen years ago the heirs of Sir Robert Clifton received from the life insurance companies of Great Britain \$1,250,000, that being the amount of insurance which he carried. King Umberto of Italy is making efforts to obtain insurance on his own life for \$600,000. The Italian insurance companies refused to take the risk, and application was made to English companies with no better success. King Umberto has comparatively impoverished himself by paying his father's debts. Dom Pedro II., the Emperor of Brazil, carries a large life insurance in foreign companies. Napoleon III. had an insurance of \$600,000 on his life, and this was the chief reliance of the Empress Eugénie after his death. One English earl has his life insured for \$1,000,000, partly in American companies.

The largest life insurance written for any American is that of W. K. Anderson, "the oil prince" of Titusville, Pa., who is insured for \$440,000. The late James Park, Jr., of Pittsburgh, had his life insured for \$350,000. Among Americans insured for \$300,000 or more are Hamilton Disston, of Philadelphia; John Howe, of St. Louis; W. H. Langley, of Galicopolis, O.; and J. B. Stetson, of Philadelphia, Pa. Other large insurers are Pierre Lorillard, of New York, \$255,000; F. W. Devoe, New York, \$250,000; Cyrus W. Field, New York, \$240,000; Frank Jones, Portsmouth, N.H., \$205,000; Amos Whitely, Springfield, O., \$200,000; B. F. Sturtevant, Boston, \$200,000; F. B. Roberts, New York, \$200,000; E. P. Allis, Milwaukee, \$170,000; John Gibb, New York, \$170,000; Charles Pratt, New York, \$165,000; H. B. Hyde, New York, \$165,000; E. A. Moen, New York, \$151,000; E. D. C. McKay, New York, \$143,000; and W. P. Clyde, New York, \$143,000. J. B. Cornell, W. H. Belknap, and John Sinclair, of New York, have policies of \$125,000 each; De Witt C. Wheeler is insured for \$110,000; Rufus Hatch, \$76,000; William Fullerton, \$75,000; and H. B. Cladlin, \$75,000.

THE GRAVE OF WASHINGTON'S MOTHER.

JUST above the plain in the suburbs of Fredericksburg, Va., is the grave of Mary Washington, marked now by an unfinished marble monument. It is strange that the tomb of the mother of the Father of his Country should be allowed to stand a monument to the lack of patriotism of his countrymen. Worse still, it has been shamefully defaced by the hands of the vandal. Its sides have been marred by bullets, and the pretty, smooth face of the monument peppered by the shot of thoughtless sportsmen. No railing or inclosure of any sort protects the last resting-place of this great and good woman, and a recent visitor reports that the unthinking



THE MANITOBA RAILROAD GENERAL OFFICE, WITH VILLARD ARCH OF WELCOME IN THE FOREGROUND.

the last visitors in the apartment before the discovery, and they were permitted to continue their examination of the relic during a brief absence of the keeper. When he returned the table was a ruin. An alarm was sounded, but no trace of the American party could be found. This act of robbery has produced a profound sensation. Many persons refuse to believe that the party described by the keepers were really Americans. It is suggested that the party were possibly disguised thieves, who had intended to mutilate and carry away fragments of the Warwick vase for the purpose of securing a ransom, and, failing in that design, resorted to the attack on the table and the robbery of its jewels. One bad result of this crime against art will be the necessarily greater seclusion in the future of all the treasures of Warwick Castle.

THE BUFFALO SLOWLY DISAPPEARING.

THE *Fargo Argus* says: The appearance of a buffalo in Dakota is now an exceedingly rare occurrence, but ten years ago they were as numerous in the western portion of our Territory as the herds of the domestic beef cattle are now. Twenty years ago the buffalo was not a rare object in the vicinity of Sioux Falls, but, like the Indians, he had to go before the army of civilization, until now he is cooped into a contracted region in Northwestern Montana, and will become extinct within a few decades if not protected by law. The numerical strength of the buffalo ten years ago is incredible to people in the States. Horace Greeley was ridiculed and lost his reputation for reliability among many good people fifteen years ago because he had the temerity to tell the readers of his paper the estimated number of cattle he saw in one herd. The extent of the herd was beyond their comprehension, and the lamented Greeley was put down as the boss prevaricator, so far, at least, as his buffalo story went. The herd described by Horace was fifteen miles in length and half that distance in width. This, in those days, was a comparatively small band. It would not have formed a good-sized fraction to herds that the writer has seen in Montana during the years 1870-71. In the month of July of the latter year, between Fort Peck and Cow Island, on the Upper Missouri River, a distance of 200 miles or more, the country on each bank of that stream was black with these great



THE ORIENTAL ARCH, ON WABASHA STREET, NEAR THE CAPITOL.

MINNESOTA.—THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD CELEBRATION IN ST. PAUL, SEPTEMBER 3d.

FROM A PHOTO. BY TENNEY.—SEE PAGE 71.



THE NORTHERN PACIFIC ARCH, COMPOSED OF WHEAT SHEAVES.

excursionist hid himself under the shadow of the monument, ate his snack, and desecrated the sacred place by leaving the rinds of watermelons and the refuse of the repeat lying loosely around the tomb. The monument was undertaken in 1830 by a patriotic gentleman of Fredericksburg, who had completed it, with the exception of the large pyramidal shaft, which to-day lies half imbedded in the ground a few yards from the grave.

FUN.

There are men who never forget a kindness done, that is, if they do it themselves.

A sailor is called an old salt because the minute he gets on shore he is in a pickle.

Nobody ever thought it necessary to urge a pawnbroker to take more interest in his business.

Canada has a "cheese king," who controls sixty-four cheese factories. He should be a mighty potentate.

EUGENE L. DIDIER accuses Tennyson of plagiarism. "Tennyson? We have heard of Didier; but who in the dickens is Tennyson?"

When Frogg was asked regarding the latest additions to the English language, he said he would ask his wife—she always had the last word.

An advertisement calls for live grocers to introduce a new commodity to the public. That is right. If dead grocers undertake it they will frighten the people.

"Ma, is Long Branch an awfully dirty place?" "Why, no child—what made you think so?" "Why here is an advertisement that says it is washed by the tide twice a day."

It is a question if a Summer vacation is of any practical benefit to a clergyman. In three months a congregation can lose an amount of piety that a hard Winter's work will scarcely recover.

"No," said the man, who had been looking around for a house and finally found one next the cemetery. "I don't think the situation is a pleasant one; but then it's handy. Whenever there's a death in the family we won't need to have hacks at the funeral."

The health authorities made a big mistake in arresting an honest farmer with a wagon-load of decayed produce. He proved by seven witnesses that he did not bring the stuff to the city to sell, but had bought it in the city and was taking it home to his Summer boarders.

Poot's wife remarked to him, as they started out the other night to take supper with the Browns, that she expected Mrs. B. would have a stunning coiffure. "Well, I'm sure I hope so," grumbled Poot. "I haven't had anything good to eat since the last time we were at mother's."

EMINENT medical authorities state that mosquitoes carry disease. Here is the chance the Russian Nihilists have long been looking for. They can get millions of mosquitoes free of cost in New Jersey, and it won't cost much to import them to Russia, and open a few cases in the royal palace.

"An! going to take a vacation at the beach?" said one man to another, as the two met on a boat going down the harbor. "No; I'm merely going down to have my name registered at one of the beach hotels so that it may be published in the guests' list. There is nothing like putting on style, you know."

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE IN NERVOUS DISEASES.

Dr. Henry, New York, says: "In nervous diseases, I know of no preparation to equal it."

"ROUGH ON RATS." Clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bedbugs, ants, vermin, chipmunks. 15c.

BURNETT'S COCAINE

PROMOTES THE GROWTH OF THE HAIR, AND renders it dark and glossy. It holds, in a liquid form, a large proportion of deodorized Cocaine Oil, prepared expressly for this purpose. No other compound possesses the peculiar properties which so exactly suit the various conditions of the human hair.

To use Cotton Instead of Flax in making Macramé Lace is to use Tinsel for Gold.

"I can not only recall each panoramic view that I saw, but I can have my friends share with me for I carried with me a Tourist Camera. How fortunate it was that I learned, through a perusal of the book given away by the SCOVILL Mfg Co., of New York, how easily finished pictures could be made; and that I procured one of their reliable outfits!" Established in 1802, and having a reputation at stake as makers of photographic apparatus, the guarantee which the SCOVILL COMPANY give may be depended upon.

But few articles have reached such a world-wide reputation as ANGSTURA BITTERS. For over fifty years they have been the acknowledged standard regulators of the digestive organs. Their success has incited imitations. Be sure you get the genuine article, manufactured only by Dr. J. G. B. SINGERT & SONS.

"MOTHER SWAN'S WORM SYRUP," for feverishness, restlessness, worms, constipation; tasteless; 25c.

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Persons contemplating repairs to the drainage of their houses are advised that the DURHAM SYSTEM can be introduced without difficulty into old buildings. It is a permanent protection and adds materially to their value. Send for pamphlet to the DURHAM HOUSE DRAINAGE CO., 187 Broadway.

SYMPER & Co., at Nos. 739 and 741 Broadway, are now offering for home adornment rare old Tapestries, Marbles, Bronzes, Sevres, Dresden, Berlin, and Oriental Porcelain, gems of cabinet-work, and a large line of Silverware, suitable for wedding and other gifts.

The shoddy Macramé Lace is made of Cotton; the real is made of Flax.

THE GREATEST DISCOVERY OF THE AGE.

For over thirty-six years Dr. Tobias's VENETIAN LINIMENT has been warranted to cure Croup, Colic, Spasms, Diarrhoea and Dysentery, taken internally; and Sore Throat, Pains in the Limbs, Chronic Rheumatism, Old Sores, Pimples, Blisters and Swellings, externally; and not a bottle has been returned, many families stating they would not be without it even if it was \$10 a bottle. Sold by the druggists at 25 and 50 cents. Depot, 42 Murray St.

FLIES, roaches, ants, bedbugs, rats, mice, crows, chipmunks cleared out by "ROUGH ON RATS." 15c.

HALFORD SAUCE is conceded the standard relish. Halford Sauce improves every dish by its addition.

Use "Redding's Russia Salve."

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Has been applied to AYER'S PILLS, and they have borne it well. For more than forty years they have had a world-wide popularity, rivaled by no other purgative medicine.

AYER'S PILLS do not induce constipative reaction, or have a weakening effect, common faults of other cathartics, but thoroughly yet mildly cleanse the bowels, and stimulate and strengthen all the digestive and assimilatory organs.

Ayer's Pills

Cure Indigestion and Constipation, and prevent many severe and often fatal maladies caused by these disorders.

For Stomach, Liver, and Kidney diseases—symptoms of which are Skin Disorders, Burning and Weight in the Stomach, Nausea, Dizziness, Headaches, Foul Breath, Bilious Fever and Colic, Pains in the stomach, side, and back, Dropsical Swellings, etc.—there is no relief so prompt and certain as AYER'S PILLS. They are of great service in the cure of Piles.

As a household remedy they have no equal. Many a big doctor's bill has been saved by a timely dose of AYER'S PILLS.

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\$72 a week. \$12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address, TRUE & Co., Augusta, Me.



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Every lady desires to be considered handsome. The most important adjunct to beauty is a clear, smooth, soft and beautiful skin. With this essential a lady appears handsome, even if her features are not perfect.

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It will immediately obliterate all such imperfections, and is entirely harmless. It has been chemically analyzed by the Board of Health of New York city, and pronounced entirely free from any material injurious to the health or skin.

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"I had suffered twenty years with severe disease of the kidneys: before using Hunt's Remedy two days I was relieved, and am now well."

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This preparation, free from all objectionable qualities, will, after a few applications, turn the hair that Golden Color or Sunny Hue so universally sought after and admired. The best in the world. \$1 per bottle; six for \$5. R. T. BELLCHAMBERS, Importer of fine Human Hair Goods.

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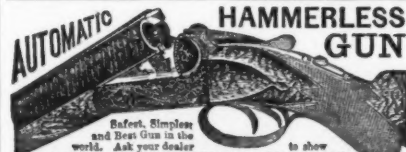
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Bevel Edge Cards, designs for 1884. Send 10c. for 50 Chromo Cards with name on; latest yet. Agents say: "Your cards sell best." Large Sample Book and outfit free. Quickest returns. Give us a trial order. Clinton & Co., North Haven, Ct.

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BLACK SILKS, 21-inch, at \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50. COLORED SILKS, new shades, extra value, at \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50.

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to earn \$1 to \$3 every day quietly at their homes; work furnished; sent by mail; no canvassing; no stamps required for reply. Please address EDWARD F. DAVIS & CO., 58 South Main Street, Fall River, Mass.

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Splendid! 50 latest style chromo cards, name on, 10c. Premium with 3 pks. E. H. Pardee, New Haven, Ct.

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Imitation Gold Watches at \$10, \$15, \$20 & \$25 each. Chains, \$2 to \$12; Jewelry of same Watch Material. Watch Repairing. Send for circular. Collins Gold Metal Watch Factory, 335 Broadway, N. Y. P. O. Box 3696.

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit free. Address H. HALLIE & Co., Portland, Me.

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Send 25 cts. silver or stamps, and receive a little book containing 15 interesting pictures, amusing. M. CARL, 231 Park Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A BOON TO MEN

All those who, from any cause, are weak, unnerved, low-spirited and physically exhausted, can be certainly and permanently cured, without stomach medicines. Endorsed by doctors, ministers and the press. The Medical Weekly says: "The old plan of treating Nervous Debility, Physical Weakness, etc., is wholly superseded by THE MARSTON BOLD." Even hopeless cases assured of certain restoration to full and perfect health. Simple, effective, cleanly, pleasant. Send for treatise. Consultation with physician free. MARSTON REMEDY CO., 46 W. 14th St., New York.

SPECIAL PREMIUM TO THE WIVES OF GROCERS: A Most Magnificent Premium can be had by the WIFE OF EVERY GROCER IN THE UNITED STATES. The Premium is a very handsome velvet plush case, containing 6 Beautiful Heavy Plated Silver Knives and 6 Forks, manufactured specially for this purpose, and guaranteed the finest quality made. It will be given to the Wife of a Grocer even if her husband does not sell the Soap. It will be sent to her AFTER she has made a thorough trial of The Frank Siddalls Soap, and enough Soap to make the trial will be sent her FREE OF CHARGE.

Only One Cake must be sent for, but after trying it, dealers will buy it from the whole lot of houses or you can order direct from the Factory. You must NOT send for more than one cake: If a friend wants to try it she must send in a separate letter.

The Frank Siddalls Soap WILL, DO everything claimed when the directions are STRICTLY followed. Statements to the contrary are simply untrue—SO DONT BE A CLAM.

Even a person of only ordinary intelligence will know for certain that a Soap that is excellent for the skin cannot possibly hurt clothes.

DONT BE A CLAM

CLAMS ARE NOT A PROPER MODEL FOR A HUMAN BEING TO COPY AFTER they are wedded to their old clam-like notions—they open their shells to take in their accustomed food, but they shut up every tight when anything new comes along.

FOR THEY ARE CLAMS and dont propose to allow things to penetrate their shells that were unknown to their grandfather clams and to their grandmother clams:

A Clam is not a good thing for a Housekeeper to copy after:—

A WIDE-AWAKE HOUSEKEEPER will try new ways that are endorsed by leading newspapers:—

A WIDE-AWAKE FARMER will try a Butter Worker and a Hay Fork:—
A WIDE-AWAKE GROCER will try a new Molasses Gate and a new Coal Oil Can, and will buy the kind of goods his customers call for. Of course a woman is NOT expected to try every new thing that is offered her; if she does she will often be duped:—But when so reliable a paper as "Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper" emphatically endorses in the strongest manner every claim made for The Frank Siddalls Soap, there is certainly no excuse for not giving it one square, honest trial strictly as directed. Intelligent women are rapidly adopting new methods about their work, and those who have done so are already beginning to look down with pity on persons who are set in their old ways. SO DONT BE A CLAM

Persons who allow articles said to be as good as The Frank Siddalls Soap to be forced on them must expect to be deceived. See that you get what you ask for.

FOR LADIES TO READ

ONLY THINK! ONE SOAP FOR ALL USES!

To the Housekeeper and her Help, to the Boarding-House Mistress and her Lady Boarders, to the Farmer's Wife and her Daughters, for the Toilet and Bath of Every Lady of Refinement, The Frank Siddalls Soap offers great advantages in Economy of Use, in its effect on the Skin; and in its freedom from injury to the fabric.

Among the Housekeepers of New England (where thrifty Housekeeping is proverbial) it has gained immense favor, and there is no better evidence of the merits of an article than to be able to say that it meets approval in the Homes of New England.

FOR LAUNDRY AND KITCHEN USE

JUST THINK! No Scalding or Boiling! No Smell on Wash-day! Clothes Clean and Beautifully White, and as Sweet as if never worn! No Rough, Red Hands! Clothes remain White even if put away for years! The Soap Positively Guaranteed not to injure even the Finest Laces!

Where water or fuel is scarce remember that with The Frank Siddalls Soap much less fuel is necessary, and a few buckets of water is enough for a large wash.

JUST THINK! Flannels and Blankets as soft as when New! The most delicate Colored Lawns and Prints actually Brightened! A girl of 12 or 13 can easily do a large wash without even being tired! And best of all, the wash done in less than half the usual time!

Use The Frank Siddalls Soap for Washing Dishes:—it is the only Soap that leaves the dish-rag Sweet and White, and the only Soap that can be depended upon to remove the smell of Fish, Onions, etc., from forks and dishes. When you have a dirty dish-rag dont blame your servants; it is not their fault; for you have given them soap made of Rancid Grease, and the result is a foul dish-rag; use The Frank Siddalls Soap, made of Pure Beef Suet, and you will have a Clean, Sweet-smelling Cloth.

So here is the Housekeeper's Choice: Common soap and a foul dish-rag—or Frank Siddalls Soap and a dish-rag to be proud of

FOR HOUSE CLEANING

This is where The Frank Siddalls Soap appeals to the real ladylike Housekeeper. Use it for Scrubbing and Cleaning. Use it for Washing Paints, Windows and Mirrors, Wine-glasses, Goblets, and all Glass Vessels; ordinary soap, as is well known, is not fit for washing glass; while The Frank Siddalls Soap is a most elegant thing for this purpose. Use it for Washing Marble Door Steps, Bureau Tops, Marble Statuary, Mantlepieces, etc.—It is the nicest thing for marble that can be imagined.

For Washing Bed-clothes and Bedding, even of Patients with Contagious and Infectious Diseases, and for washing utensils used in the Sick-room, it can be relied on to cleanse and purify without scalding or boiling a single article.

FOR WASHING BABIES AND BABY CLOTHES

Babies will not suffer with prickly heat or be troubled with sores of any kind when nothing but The Frank Siddalls Soap is used, its ingredients being so pure and mild. Dont use Soda to wash nursing bottles or gum tubes—dont even scald them—but wash them only with this Soap, and they will never get sour, but will always be sweet and clean.

FOR THE SCHOOL BOY AND GIRL

It is the best thing for washing blackboards and school slates, leaving them entirely free from grease, and without causing a scratch; the soap does not have to be rinsed off

FOR THE TOILET IT IS SIMPLY PERFECTION

All perfumes are injurious to the skin; The Frank Siddalls Soap is not perfumed, but has an agreeable odor from its ingredients, that is always pleasant, even to an invalid; it never leaves any odor on the Skin; the face never has any of the unpleasant gloss that other soaps produce; it should always be used for washing the hands and face of those troubled with Chapped Skin:—a child will not dread having its face washed when The Frank Siddalls Soap is used, as it does not cause the eyes to smart with the dreaded intense sting that even Imported Castile Soap often causes; it always leaves the skin Soft and Smooth.

No tooth-powder or tooth-wash will compare with it.

A little on the tooth-brush makes the mouth, teeth and gums perfectly clean.

It leaves a pleasant aromatic taste, a sweet breath, and a clean tooth-brush.

TRY IT FOR WASHING YOUR EYE-GLASSES AND SPECTACLES

PERSONS WHO DESPISE A MUSTY SPONGE OR WASH-RAG will appreciate The Frank Siddalls Soap. Whenever a Sponge has a disagreeable smell, it is due entirely to the so-called fine toilet soap that is such a favorite with them. The place of soap to keep a sponge or wash-rag sweet and clean, and The Frank Siddalls Soap will do it without any occasion to expose it to the air or sun.

It is especially adapted for toilet use with the hard water of the West and in Lake-water

When used for washing the head it is better than shampooing; plenty of the rich, white lather should be left in the hair (not washed out;) it entirely does away with the use of Hair Tonic, Bay Rum, Bandoline, Pomade or any hair dressing. Used this way it removes dandruff, the hair will not collect dust, and there will not be any itching of the Scalp:—Coat Collars, Hat Linings and Neck-wear will keep clean much longer. The Frank Siddalls Soap is superior to Benzine or Ammonia for Cleaning Coat Collars, and for removing grease spots, etc., and is guaranteed not to injure the garment.

HOW A LADY CAN GET THE SOAP TO TRY at Places where it is Not Sold at the Stores.

Send the retail price 10 cents in money or postage stamps.

Say she saw the advertisement in Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.

Only send for One Cake, and make these 2 promises:

Promise No. 1—That the Soap shall be used the first wash-day after receiving it, and that every bit of the family wash shall be done with it.

Promise No. 2—That the person sending will personally see that the printed directions for using the Soap shall be exactly followed.

By return mail, a regular 10-cent cake of Soap will be sent, postage prepaid;

it will be packed in a neat iron box to make it carry safely,

and 15 cents in POSTAGE STAMPS will be put on.

All this is done for 10 cents,

because it is believed to be a cheaper way to introduce it than to send salesmen to sell it to the stores.



A Wash-boarder MUST NOT be used, NOT EVEN TO HEAT THE WASH-WATER, and as the wash-water must only be lukewarm, a small kettle holds enough for a large wash.

A Wash-boarder will always have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere, in spite of the most careful Housekeeper, which injures the delicate ingredients that are in this Soap.

Be sure to heat the water in the tea-kettle the first time, no matter how old it seems.

Wash the White Flannels with the other White Pieces.

Be sure to always make the last water soapy; the clothes will NOT smell of the Soap, but will be as sweet as if never worn, and stain that have been overlooked in washing will bleach out while drying, and the clothes will iron easier.

Always dissolve a small piece of Soap in the starch: it makes the ironing easier, and the clothes handier.

The Frank Siddalls Soap washes freely in hard water without Soda, Lye, or any washing compound;

dont use Borax, Ammonia, or any other Soap on any of the wash

FIRST—Dip one of the garments in a tub of lukewarm water; draw it out on a wash-board and rub the Soap LIGHTLY over it so as not to waste it, being particular not to miss soaping any of the soiled places. Then ROLL IT IN A TIGHT ROLL, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and go on the same way until all the pieces have the Soap rubbed on them and are rolled up. Then go away for 20 minutes to one hour—by the clock—and let The Frank Siddalls Soap do its work. NEXT—After Soaking the FULL time, commence rubbing the clothes LIGHTLY on a wash-board and the DIRT WILL DROP OUT: turn the garments inside out to get at the seams, but DONT use any more Soap; DONT SCALD OR BOIL A SINGLE PIECE OR THEY WILL TURN YELLOW; and DONT wash through two suds. If the wash-water gets too dirty, dip some out and add a little clean water; if it gets too cold for the hands, add hot water out of the tea-kettle. If a streak is hard to wash, rub some more Soap on it and throw it back into the suds for a few minutes. NEXT COMES THE RINSING—which is to be done in lukewarm water, and is FOR THE PURPOSE OF GETTING THE DIRT SUDS OUT, and is to be done as follows: Wash each piece LIGHTLY on a wash-board through the rinsing-water (without using any more Soap) AND SEE THAT ALL THE DIRTY SUDS ARE GOT OUT. ANY SMART HOUSEKEEPER WILL KNOW JUST HOW TO DO THIS. Next, the Blue-water—which can be either lukewarm or cold: Use little or no Blueing, for this Soap takes the place of Blueing. STIR A PIECE OF THE SOAP in the blue-water UNTIL THE WATER GETS DECIDEDLY SOAPY. Put the clothes THROUGH THIS SOAPY BLUE-WATER, wring them and hang up to dry WITHOUT ANY MORE RINSING and WITHOUT SCALDING or BOILING A SINGLE PIECE. Afterwards soap the Colored Pieces and Colored Flannels, let them stand 20 minutes to 1 hour, and wash the same way as the White Pieces, being sure to make the last rinsing-water soap. The most delicate colors will not fade when washed this way, but will be the brighter.

FOR MEN TO READ

ONLY THINK! ONE SOAP FOR ALL USES!

The Merchant and his Clerk, the Photographer, the Optician, the Jeweler, the Artist, the Actor, the Bath at the Turkish Bath, the Printer, the Barber, the Hotel, the Stable, the Railroad, the Army, and the Navy, will all reap great benefit from the remarkable properties of The Frank Siddalls Soap.

FOR SHAVING

Its heavy, lasting Lather is so different from that of any Shaving Soap that its superiority is incredible; the face never burns or smarts, no matter how dull the razor, how tender the skin, or how closely shaved, and the Sponge and Soap Cup will always be sweet-smelling. IMPORTANT FOR SHIPBOARD AND ARMY USE:—It washes freely in hard water, and where water is scarce, remember that The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing only takes a few buckets of water for a large wash.

FOR HORSES, HARNESS, CARRIAGES, etc.

It is vastly superior to Castile Soap for washing a horse's mane and tail, while for washing Sore, Galls and Scratches it is indispensable. No stable is complete without it. For Harness, it is better than Harness Soap, thoroughly cleansing the leather and rendering it soft and pliable; while for washing cars and car windows, cleaning the running-gear and bodies of fine carriages, it is without a rival; by its use paint and varnish will last much longer, and the Windows and Lamps will be as clear as crystal.

The Frank Siddalls Soap is elegant for washing Printing Ink from the hands, and from Printers' Rollers, Type and Electrotypes, being much better than Benzine and safer, as shocking accidents by fire often occur from Benzine, and parents whose children use Amateur Printing Presses should remember this.

Type and Rollers washed with The Frank Siddalls Soap are in splendid condition for immediate use, and will take the ink readily.

SPECIAL FOR PHYSICIANS

To the Physician, the Druggist, the Nurse, and the Patient, its importance is becoming more and more widely known and appreciated, and it is rapidly superseding Imported Castile and similar soaps for use in the Sick Room, the Nursery and Hospital.

IN CASE OF INGROWING TOE-NAILS

In place of cotton-wool, a little of The Frank Siddalls Soap should be kept pressed between the nail and tender flesh—one trial will prove its superiority over cotton-wool

AS AN ANTISEPTIC AND DISINFECTANT

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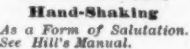
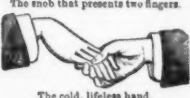
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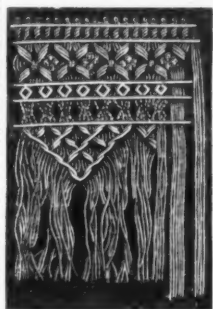
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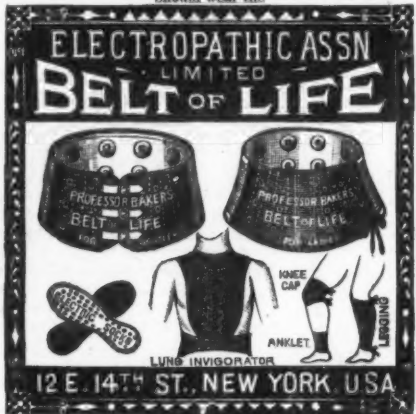
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